

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Crime and the Police.

In looking at the enormous list of crimes against life and property committed during the past three months, it is difficult to strike a balance between those directed against the police, and those in which the police were aggressors. A vast number cannot be reckoned, of course, in either category, and of these we shall have something to say further on. But there is this difference between the cases in which the police figure as interested parties: that though assaults on them have been, as might naturally be expected, more numerous, their trespasses on the rights of citizens, by illegal arrests and needless use of their weapons, have been more criminal.

It is easy to understand why a vigilant police should encounter the animosity of the dangerous classes—to borrow a phrase of foreign origin, but which the prevailing epidemic of crime justifies the use of among ourselves. Such hostility, indeed, may be accepted as evidence of the increasing usefulness of the

force. If they winked at the excesses of ruffians and rowdies, if they failed in the repression as well as in the detection of crime, they might no doubt walk unmolested through their beats, the admiration of every villain, and the scorn of every honest man. But when we find them the victims of conspiracies, shot or stabbed without mercy, the objects of avowed and relentless revenge, it is impossible to withhold admiration of the courage that dares such risks, and of the fidelity to their duties, which alone could have caused such persistent hate. Our remarks might be abundantly illustrated from the criminal records of the past summer, but every reader can easily supply from his own recollection cases in point. It was indeed strange to see a man walk out of court with the threat on his lips that he would yet murder the policeman who arrested him, whose life he had twice already attempted, and that the magistrate, in whose hearing the diabolical words were uttered, did not send to jail this fruit ripening for the gallows. On the other hand, were the outrages against the police a

thousand times more aggravated than they are, and were even a conspiracy for their wholesale assassination proved to exist, nothing could justify nor extenuate illegal arrests and violent assaults on peaceable citizens. The men who execute the laws are supposed to know them. Hence it is hard to believe that a policeman, when exceeding his duty, acts in ignorance. He is not drunken, like many of the class who attack him. He is not in want, nor desperate through suffering. He is supposed to be a man of good moral standing, and above the ordinary temptations to crime. Then, whence proceed the outrageous assaults by the police we so often hear of? Is it love of showing their authority? or the outburst of a bad or brutal disposition? or the indulgence of an Irishman's craving of hitting something whenever he has a club in his hand? However it be, there is no doubt that the police, though often sinned against, is far too frequently sinning, and that the public sympathy, which would be extended to the cases of officers killed or maimed in the performance of their duties,

is withheld or only grudgingly given, because no one can forget the number of cases in which, as a body, they have been willful aggressors.

It is generally believed, too, in continuing the case against the police, that a great deal of vice is tolerated which it is their duty, no less than in their power, to suppress. As one instance, an unoffending man was killed and robbed near the Bowery, outside a saloon in which he had been drinking, and on the inquest the police testimony was, that the place was a notorious den of thieves. But why, then, do the police allow notorious dens of thieves to exist? Why are they not broken up, and the city made too hot for the fellows to live in? And if one of these permitted—it might be too hard to say licensed—miscreants kill an officer, who shall be blamed? Society, or the neglect of the police themselves, who ought to have kept such characters out of the city precincts, and did not?

The latest crime always seems the greatest, but we imagine it would not be difficult to pick out from the calendar of crime during a recent



SHOOTING OF STEPHEN WILSON AND LESLIE CHAMBERLAIN BY SHERIFF'S OFFICERS, ON THE STAGE OF THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY, ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 24TH, 1868.  
SEE PAGE 403.

period outrages quite as gross as that in the Broadway Theatre a few nights ago, though even this may be saying a great deal. Happily the police had nothing to do with it, except to suppress a co-ordinate branch of the executive power of the city, the Sheriff's posse, while exceeding its powers. The occurrence exemplifies, however, what we have written above, as to the tendency of limited power to become arbitrary, and the advantage taken of the confusion of the public mind as to what the rights of individuals are, to inflict a cruel—and as it happened in this case—a deadly wrong. The office of the Sheriff is purely civil, and our impression is, that legally he can use no force in serving a writ, and that a locked door is a barrier he cannot and dare not break down. Much less, then, are his deputies without the slightest show of right in forcing the stage-entrance to the theatre, and firing their pistols indiscriminately among the crowd behind the scenes when they found that Mr. Harkins, whom they sought, had made his escape. We are unwilling to enter into the merits of a matter still before the courts, but Mr. Harkins has too many claims on the sympathies and good wishes of the public, both as an honorable soldier and an estimable citizen, to allow any attempts at illegal oppression to succeed. Everybody, too, must be glad to see that Mr. Barney Williams is resolved that only stage tragedy shall be performed at his theatre, and the only "foul play" shall be for the amusement of the audience, without hazarding their lives.

The coolest piece of impudence the public has heard of for a long time, is that of the Sheriff writing to the magistrate that he held himself responsible for the acts of his deputies. It is possible that one or more may be indicted for manslaughter, or even a graver offense. Did the Sheriff not know that the law is not satisfied with vicarious offering for crime, and, with whatever indifference the public might regard his tenancy of a cell at Sing Sing, he could not legally pay the penalty incurred by his subordinates? Such touching self-sacrifice seems to have been unheeded by the Court, which was likewise unawed by the dazzling offer of five hundred thousand dollars bail.

Next to the prevention of crime comes the investigation as to its causes. Perhaps the latter should come first, and so in philosophical order it would. But as the existence of crime is a palpable reality, and calls for some immediate check, we have, in practice, first, to repress the symptoms of the disease, without waiting to discover its source. If, hereafter, diligent research shall have taught us its true causes, we may be able to deal as practically with them as we now do with their results. At present, few persons agree as to even the proximate causes of the alarming development of crime among us. One will say that it is owing to the influx of the scum of foreign populations. Another, that to the use of ardent liquors two-thirds of the violations of law and order are owing. Another will attribute it to the distance and uncertainty of punishments, and the neglect of the public prosecutors.

Probably the truth is, that each of these influences is at work to produce what we all deplore, and that to no one singly should be ascribed what is shared by all. As to foreigners, glancing over the names of those arrested, there would seem to be some truth in the theory. But a judgment based on such grounds is apt to be fallacious, and we must await the annual report of the police to know whether the average of crimes by foreigners has increased. As to drunkenness, the diminution of offenses on Sunday, since the Sunday Liquor Bill has been in operation, would lend some ground to the belief that if every day were made like that, one of enforced abstinence, the police would find their work much lightened. Such a law would, however, ruin any political party that proposed it; and as none but a political party could carry it, it may be assumed that forced temperance will never be carried further than at present. We confess there is much force in the other causes suggested, and probably a revision of procedure in the courts would be a great public benefit. But this is a part of the subject we must reserve for consideration hereafter.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The extraordinary success attending the publication of the beautiful picture entitled "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," drawn and printed in oils by William Dickes, of London, and published in February last as a Supplement to No. 647 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUS-

TREATED NEWSPAPER, induced Mr. Leslie to negotiate with the same unrivaled artist for another production of similar character. Mr. Leslie, having purchased the sole right of publishing the Chromographic works of William Dickes in this country, with natural deference to American sentiment, selected an American theme for this picture, and secured the services of the late lamented Emanuel Leutze to transfer it to canvas.

The following correspondence will be interesting in this connection:

WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, March 3.

Frank Leslie, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I am here since Sunday morning, and although I have not seen the General, I have made inquiries of Generals Badeau and Parker, and have made up my mind, after reading his father's letters, to represent him as "Horse Tamer" while still a lad. Philippo—Horse lover, snow scene, woods, grand horse Dave, small boy guiding him, dark on light background—will be done soon.

E. LEUTZE.

444 14TH ST., WASHINGTON, Monday, 23d.

Frank Leslie, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—I enclose receipt for the picture, which I sent to-day by Adams' Express.

My idea is, "The Horse Tamer." I intend to represent "how he taught Dave to pace."

By "Horse Tamer" I think of classical times—the "Diomedes," Castor and Pollux, the great horse tamers—Philip of Macedonia, the father of Alexander the Great—the tamer of Bucephalus.

Washington was known as a great horse tamer.

I love the man (Grant), and will do everything for him.

Yours, sincerely, E. LEUTZE.

It will be seen by the above that the subject of the picture, in printed oils, that we propose soon to introduce to the American public, is

#### THE HORSE TAMER;

OR,

#### THE BOY ULYSSES S. GRANT TEACHING DAVE TO PACE.

This picture was painted by Mr. Leutze, in Washington, shortly before his death, a circumstance which makes it precious beyond its intrinsic value. It was, immediately after its completion, forwarded to Mr. William Dickes, to be printed by chromographic process; and Mr. Leslie, having just received proofs of the work, is able to announce that it will ready within the present month for publication as a Supplement to

Frank Leslie's

#### ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Many newsdealers were unable to obtain a sufficient number of copies of the "FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," in consequence of their delay in sending in their orders. They preferred to wait for proofs of the picture, and found that the supply was not equal to the demand. We respectfully suggest the advantage of forwarding orders for the "HORSE TAMER" as soon as possible.

#### Uniforms, Liveries, Costumes.

The jokes in which the higher departments of Government periodically indulge take, like most parasites, the hue of the body they inhabit. The lightness, the sparkle, the effervescence of the wit which amuses ordinary men, is altogether wanting in those lofty regions. There a joke must be solemn, and unless very elaborate, is out of place. Perhaps the jokes of the highest order of merit are those not perceptible to common minds, and which require official training to understand; and though these might be considered by us as dull and lifeless, they carry exquisite enjoyment to those for whom they are meant. Not that the heads of departments ever laugh. We have too much respect for those gentlemen to suppose that, in the discharge of their solemn and responsible duties, they ever depart from the grave composure befitting their high offices. A quiet chuckle, a twinkle of the eye, only perceptible to the experienced, are all that is permitted to indicate the intense satisfaction derived from gentle diplomatic banter, the absurd blunders of subordinates, or from the fun of carrying out to the letter some absurd law of Congress.

On a recent occasion we were inclined to think that Mr. Delmar, in spite of the proverbial dullness of his department, had a keener relish for a joke than his colleagues. We thought he had merited this distinction by having published the official report of the Collector at the port of Pembina, who alleged as an excuse for returning imports instead of exports, that he had a felon on his finger. On the whole, we incline to think Mr. Seward deserves a higher place than Mr. Delmar. The latter has caused one hearty laugh by exposing the ignorance of his subordinates. But it was too extreme a case; it was too "loud;" it caused an explosion, and official decorum was betrayed by it into a violation of the proprieties. Mr. Seward has a much keener perception of the requisite qualities for a good official joke. Besides, like a boy with only a limited allowance of lollipop, he contrives to make a little go a long way. In fact, through a whole diplomatic correspondence he will carry on his quiet pleasantry, and the best part of it is, that those to whom it is directed are generally the last to perceive it.

One favorite joke of Mr. Seward's is publishing the dispatches, or parts of dispatches, received from our Ministers abroad. It is, of course, at his discretion to give to the public what parts of correspondence he chooses. It is not for him to say that any of the nation's representatives are unfit for their posts, but he quietly allows some supremely silly letter to see the light, and

allows the public to draw its own conclusions. It might have been cruel to Cassius M. Clay to publish in full his account of his first reception by the Czar, but was it Mr. Seward's fault if Mr. Clay made himself ridiculous? It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that but for Mr. Seward's strenuous opposition, Mr. Clay would have been sent by Mr. Lincoln as Minister to Great Britain, and Mr. Seward vindicated his judgment of the capacity and judgment of Mr. Clay by publishing his first dispatch from an inferior mission—as though he would say, "Fancy what such a man would have done if he had gone to St. James!"

The official dress correspondence has been a famous field for the quiet drollery in which Mr. Seward delights. In fact, it is almost impossible to look upon the whole of this affair otherwise than as a stupendous joke, originated by some Government wag, and carried on by successive administrations in the spirit of broad banter, in which direction it has been observed that our national humor is chiefly developed. If it were possible to consider the question as a serious one, we would point out the confusion of ideas that has arisen from the different meanings that different people attach to such words as "uniforms," "liveries," "costumes," "dress," "servants," "flunkies," "lackeys," and so on. It is according to our education or our prejudices that we consider one or all of these honorable, as denoting social distinction or honest employment, or degrading, because signifying that somebody is above us—a notion of course distasteful to your true democrat. We cannot here enter upon the theory or history of dress. It is enough to say that in all ages and in all nations it has been made a distinctive mark, and if we will but open our eyes, we shall see it every hour in force around us, just as much as in any other country. It cannot have escaped the observation of any one that the phrase, "plain and simple costume of an American gentleman," is just as vague as, "the dress of a European gentleman," would be, for, as long as Paris sets the fashions, there will be a tolerable similarity in gentlemen's dress all over the world. It may be more important to remark, that any dress whatever, when worn by command of a superior, is equally a distinctive mark whether it be plain or decorated.

The ridiculous aspects of this question have not escaped the notice of our public writers, but what we desire now to point out is the tone of subdued satire with which the Department of State has treated it, if indeed it were possible for men of sense, and a keen perception of the ridiculous, to treat it in any other. Mr. Seward has laid before Congress the dispatches from only four of our foreign Ministers on this subject. Mr. Yeaman at Copenhagen, and Mr. Sanford at Brussels, contribute two each, while Mr. Hovey at Lima, Mr. Hale at Madrid, and Mr. Adams at London, each contribute one. In all there is a singular unanimity as to the "trivial importance" of the subject, to use the words of Mr. Adams; and our Minister at Lima adds, that it is more "a matter of personal pride than of substance." Ordinary people like ourselves may wonder why a "trivial" matter should be allowed to occupy the time of public officers to so large an extent. Mr. Yeaman, who evidently considers logic his strong point, proves by the aid of Puffendorff, and apparently to his own entire satisfaction, that the act of Congress is inconsistent, and uselessly and inconveniently open to criticism. It might be indiscreet for Mr. Seward to lecture Congress, so he, in a quiet way, lets it know what Mr. Yeaman thinks of it.

Mr. Hovey is much to be pitied. He asks Mr. Seward if he may wear his uniform of major-general on court days, and in reply, Mr. Seward very obligingly tells him that he may. He further wants to know why the Secretary directs official dispatches to him as "A. P. Hovey, Esquire," and not as "Major-General Hovey," and adds, that he "knows of no more just right to be called esquire, than to be styled (sic) 'my lord.'" Mr. Seward's answer is a delicious specimen of official snubbing, and confirms our belief that the department looks on the subject as a huge joke, but one to be handled only with delicacy and due reserve, with the laughs only as "asides."

It is probably only as a foil, or that the correspondence communicated to Congress might have some redeeming points of good sense, that the dispatch of Mr. Adams is allowed to see the light. So far as the official duties of a Minister are concerned, Mr. Adams does not see that they cannot be discharged equally well in one dress as in another, while, as regards court dress, the prohibition against wearing it is most agreeable, inasmuch as it saves him from the "most annoying and irksome of his public duties," that of being obliged to present our citizens at court. With an exquisite irony, only surpassed by Mr. Seward's, he suggests that, as ex-army officers, when in diplomatic service, are permitted to wear their uniforms as official costumes, appointments to such offices should be restricted to that class of public servants. It was impossible that Mr. Adams could be aware that, almost on the very

day he wrote, our representative at Lima was proving that even such selections might have their inconveniences.

If our theory be correct, we can afford to laugh at the foreign critics who imagine that we are washing our dirty linen in public, while really we are, with our accustomed seriousness, indulging in a national joke. Yet there are, it must be admitted, a great number of very respectable persons who look upon this official dress question as one of real importance, and fancy our national pride is in some way involved in it. Probably their descendants will be wiser, and place a truer estimate on the public acts of our statesmen. We should be ashamed, indeed, if posterity believed that a matter so trivial, and so easily arranged by the exercise of a little common sense, was ever regarded by us in any other light than one of the eccentricities, or comicalities of the age.

#### New Real Estate.

It was naturally to be expected that when the United States had consummated the purchase of Russian America, everybody would believe that we were in the market to purchase any other real estate lying loose around the world. We were like Hogarth's heir when he came into his inheritance, people rushed from every side ready to thrust their wares into the notice of a patron whose ignorance was only equaled by his extravagance. Accordingly we have seen flocking to Washington needy sellers of all kinds, from the king who would barter away for our gold his royal inheritance, to the adventurer who had only to offer beneficial interests of a shadowy kind. Of course we cannot blame ignorant foreigners for supposing that we were ready to pay any price for what they assume is essential to "rounding off" our domain; yet, if we can get rid of the natural irritation one is apt to feel at knowing that he is taken for a fool, it is not quite uninteresting to examine critically some of the bargains that are offered to our inspection.

The latest land speculator who has aired his pretensions through the newspapers is a person of the name of Moreno. We know nothing of this individual beyond what he has chosen to disclose to the Washington correspondents of our daily papers. It is to be hoped that he is honest, although, as we shall presently see, his former associations are not much in his favor. We are requested to believe a story of the following kind: that he is the discoverer of an island in the Malayan Archipelago, of immense extent, boundless resources, and unequalled fertility: that he discovered it by sailing thither in a small boat from Singapore: that he was received with rapture by the twenty rajahs who governed it, and who have now, so great is the confidence he has inspired, authorized him to cede their jurisdiction to the United States: that, notwithstanding the island was hitherto unknown to navigators or geographers—a perfect "Godsend island"—he found there a letter from Louis Philippe, and one from Louis Napoleon, addressed by these monarchs to the rajahs, who had to wait for their translation till the fortunate advent of Moreno: and finally, that he has solemnly promised the rajahs that he will not offer this island to the English or the Dutch—and there existed probably, as we shall see, a very good reason why he should avoid any intercourse with the former.

It is needless to say that we totally disbelieve this story, for it carries on its face such a mass of contradictions and absurdities, that we only wonder that Moreno should have the impudence to publish it, in the expectation that it could find the slightest credence from anybody.

Now, let us see what account this man gives of himself. He tells us he has passed most of his life in India, that during the Sepoy war he was the trusted friend and aid-de-camp of Nana Sahib, and that he was present with him at Cawnpore. At least Moreno may have the credit of cool audacity in daring to make this avowal in any Christian community. To have been present with Nana Sahib at Cawnpore means that he took part in those horrible atrocities committed on defenseless prisoners, on English matrons, on helpless children, born and unborn, which a few years ago caused a thrill of indignation throughout the civilized world. It is no wonder that he gives Indian authorities a very wide berth.

But when we recall to mind the fact, that among the victims of that pitiless massacre there were American missionaries, their wives and families, and that even these were forced to undergo outrages too shocking for belief, and a pollution so foul that our pen refuses to write it, we own that Moreno's appearance in Washington, and offering to transact business with a people who can only look upon his conduct with abhorrence, is the climax of effrontery.

We may have no cause to love England and the English, but that man does this nation foul injustice who imagines that it is a passport to our favor that he has subjected Englishwomen to a fate at which humanity shudders, and

compared with which death was tenderness itself. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any man would deliberately avow fellowship with such a miscreant as Nana Sahib, and we feel disposed to do Moreno the justice to doubt the truth of his story.

But whether true or false, there is no possible use to the United States of an island in the Malayan Archipelago, especially of one known only to Moreno, and we think that Mr. Seward could not better consult the dignity of his office during the few remaining months of his official career than by refusing to hold any intercourse with a person of so dubious a character, representing such apocryphal interests.

DURING the absence of the Hon. G. P. Marsh, our Minister at the Italian Court, Colonel Lawrence, our well-known Consul-General there, has been appointed by the Government at Washington Chargé d'Affaires at that court. American interests could not be confided to better hands.

PRINTING is an art that was born perfect. The books printed within five-and-twenty years after the first use of movable types, were as clear, as perfect, as beautiful specimens of typography as any that were produced five-and-twenty years ago. A little more rapidity and a great deal more cheapness make up, perhaps, the sum-total of the improvements in the typographic art between the time of Caxton and our day. But within the memory of those still young the wonderful art of rapid stereotyping has been introduced; and to this alone it is owing that newspapers are able to supply the demands of their hundred thousand readers. It would be of course impossible to compose more than one set of types within the very few hours allowed for the supply of each day's demand. It would be equally impossible to print off from that one set more than an eighth or a tenth part of the number of copies which the leading papers are required to furnish within three or four hours. But by casting from the first composed types as soon as completed, any number of facsimile blocks can be produced, and from these, by the help of rotary machines, an indefinite number of impressions can be struck off in an almost incredibly short space of time. Twelve and even twenty thousand copies an hour can be easily produced by each machine. The multiplication thus rendered feasible is practically almost unlimited.

THE railway up Mount Washington is nearly completed. The average grade is about 1300 feet to the mile, but in some parts it has a grade of 1700 feet, or one in three. The success of this road will demonstrate one most important fact, the feasibility of going over the greatest elevations, thus superseding the slow and costly process of tunneling. There are three rails, the outside ones being the old-fashioned strap-rail, and the centre one a cog-rail or ratchet, into which cog-wheels in the centre of the locomotive and car enter. The outer rails are four feet and twelve inches apart, and the middle rail is four inches wide. This latter is formed of two pieces of angle iron three by three inches and three-eighths of an inch thick, connected by a series of pins or bolts. These pins or bolts are one and a half inches in diameter, four inches long, and are placed four inches apart. The manner in which they are united to the sides, and the peculiar construction of the whole, gives enormous strength to this part of the structure. The engine and car are kept upon the track by means of friction rollers which run under the central rail on either side. The rails are fastened to longitudinal sills, the ratchet rail being held down by flanges on each side. The weight rests upon the outside rails. The engine has two cylinders connected with the driving shaft. The crank shaft is geared into the centre so as to give the requisite power to run up the steep grade. The boiler is upright, and is kept level by union joints or trunnions. There is a plentiful supply of brakes of various kinds in both engine and car. Both are supplied with powerful atmospheric brakes operating upon the middle wheels, and there are also friction brakes, which are constructed upon a principle of great power. In ascending, a strong wrought iron "dog" works into the driving wheel, preventing the train from falling back a single inch. In descending, the speed is regulated by shutting off the steam and easing the engine down at a fixed rate by means of compressed air. The car is pushed before the locomotive in ascending, and even should the two become separated in the descent, the car can be instantly stopped by means of a hand-brake, a single turn of which stops the entire train. This brake is tended by a man who does not leave it for a moment, and who has it under perfect control.

A REPORT "On Lawlessness and Crime" gives a strange picture of Texas, to which State Sheridan applied the remark, that, "if he owned both hell and Texas, he would rent Texas and live in the other place." The monthly average number of murders was believed formerly to be nine, but it has lately increased to fifty-four, not counting assaults with intent to kill, and other attempts. If this continues, there soon will be a visible effect on a population of 700,000. Morally, it is something appalling, and the more so that, out of 900 murders, one only had been punished by law. A freedman was the guilty person, and he of course was hanged, while it was considered sufficient to acquit a genuine citizen that he had lost his arm in the rebel service.

SEVERAL American ladies, at Copenhagen, recently desired to be introduced to the Queen of Denmark. The Queen at once sent them word to call upon her at Castle Christiansburg, whenever it suited them. The ladies, upon being ad-

mitted to her Majesty, were not a little astonished to see that she wore a cheap dress, and that, on rising to receive them, she laid on her working table a cotton stocking which she had been knitting.

#### The Foullest "Foul Play" Yet.

Beyond any doubt, the late war has exercised a most depraving effect upon our moral and social character.

We are induced to make this unpleasant reflection by the circumstances which took place upon Monday, the 24th ult., in a location consecrated to relaxation and amusement.

At the Broadway Theatre, upon this occasion, while the audience were unsuspectingly discussing the character of "Foul Play" upon one side of the curtain, an actual tragedy was taking place upon the other.

Six men—calling themselves sheriff's officers, and professing themselves armed with a warrant for the arrest of Mr. J. D. Harkins, the previous weak stage-manager at the New York Theatre, but then acting in the same piece at the Broadway—broke into the latter house by forcing an entrance at the stage-door. Not finding Mr. Harkins, and fancying too much willingness on the part of his fellow-artists to cover his retreat, they fired five shots from the revolvers they were armed with amongst these artists and employés of the theatre, wounding the night-attendant severely, and a property-boy, in all probability, fatally. We said that these men were sheriff's officers, but we were wrong. One of them was, we believe, an officer of the court that granted the warrant. Another, as we have been told, was a clerk in the employ of J. T. Lloyd, a map-maker now, but formerly the proprietor of the old *Democratic Review*, whose ambition to shine as a theatrical lessee had induced him to invest his loose cash in the production of "Foul Play," but who did not relish keeping the terms he had made, when he found that they entailed a loss, rather than a gain upon him.

We justify no American manager in foolishly paying for the right to perform a play, for which he can hold no copyright even for this city. But when a manager or not—makes a contract, he is bound to fulfill its terms. Nor should he take steps calculated to embarrass a manager or actor, so little exacting in the matter of copyrights *he positively owns*, as Barney Williams has shown himself.

We impute to Mr. Lloyd no suspicion of the fatal results his want of theatrical amanuensis produced.

But we do impute to him a gross and most culpable inattention to the duty, every one who caters for the general public, owes the whole of that public.

We might possibly have no right to object to a tailor, a bill-discounter, or a grocer, for endeavoring to arrest an actor while engaged in the duties of his profession. But, in becoming a theatrical lessee, Mr. Lloyd should have remembered that he became a public servant. It is utterly out of the question, save from special instructions, the officers would have endeavored to arrest Mr. Harkins during the progress of the piece. They might have done so, either before the performance of the drama, or, if impossible to do this, after its termination. Mr. Lloyd may not have wished, most certainly, to be the cause of a possible murder, but he evinced the desire to be mixed up with a theatrical scandal, and to effect this, he recklessly and unscrupulously employed the means conducive to such a result. He knew that the officers would go armed, and probably laughed to himself at the sensation the production of their revolvers would inspire in the fluttering flock of actors and actresses. Therefore is it that we hold him morally, if not actually responsible, for the probably fatal results of this proceeding.

But the sheriff is also morally responsible.

How could he have employed such persons as the two officers who actually fired upon the unarmed—and, upon that account, harmless, even if menacing—crowd of men, women, and boys, without being so? The brutality of their acts needs nothing that we can say to stigmatize it. But ought not the sheriff to be acquainted with the temper and habits of the men he employs in his legal work?

When a policeman uses a club or pistol—albeit in self-defense—when pushed to an extremity, he is generally harshly examined, and not unfrequently sternly censured and suspended from his position by the Commissioners of Police.

Their regulations for local government may be impolitic, but in consequence have very generally been temperately executed.

Is an officer who is merely charged with legal arrests to be less temperate in his mode of executing them than the officer who has the physical suppression of revolts and crime entrusted to him?

These are grave questions, of which our social state demands the reply. If the deputy-sheriffs are amenable to the law, the sheriff is more thoroughly exposed to the severest censure. We may laugh at "Foul Play" on the stage, or enjoy it. But foul play in the actual machinery of our local government is entirely a different thing. Had the musket which one of the actors had in his hand at the time, been serviceable and loaded, we conceive that he would have been entirely justified in stabbing the brains of Deputy-Sheriff Hickey or Deputy-Sheriff Moore upon the nearest wall.

The fall season of amusement in the outside country promises to begin earlier than usual. Fanny Kemble is the swallow that foretells it. She has commenced a tour of three months, under the able management of Mr. T. B. Pugh, by reading "Coriolanus," on the present Tuesday, at New Haven.

#### ART GOSSIP.

LEUTZ had hardly gone his way from among us when we hear of the death of C. L. Elliott, the famous portrait-painter, who died at Albany, after a severe illness, on the evening of Tuesday, August 25th. As a painter of men's heads Elliott was excelled by no contemporary painter. Such faults as his works displayed were of a kind that will be mellowed by the action of time, an effect which may be discerned already in portraits painted by him several years ago. Some details of his life and works, with an account of his funeral, will be found in another department of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Mr. W. J. Hays is engaged upon a new picture of a deer, which promises to be excellent for spirit and character. We have lately seen in Mr. Hays's studio a large collection of sketches of subjects from the fauna and flora of the country, made by him during his excursions to various regions, far and near. A naturalist in the true sense of the word, Mr. Hays loses no opportunity of making faithful sketches of such specimens of wild animals, plants, and flowers as may happen to be within his reach, and thus he has accumulated a large quantity of material invaluable to a painter of subjects from wild nature.

Mr. H. L. Stephens has lately finished, in water-colors, a subject of very quaint and humorous character, the title of which is "The Quack Doctor." A drake of majestic deportment is idealized into a pretender to medical science, to whom comes a family of poultry by the roadside. The old "rooster" of the family represents a personage in a very bad way as to his vitals, if we may judge by the expression of his face, which is highly suggestive, and, at the same time, ludicrous. The hen is doing all the talk, and is apparently occupied in describing symptoms to the "doctor," about whom several small chickens are chirping vociferously. The picture is wrought up to a high degree

of finish, and it contains, in addition to character and humor, some passages of landscape which are admirable for feeling and rich color.

We are informed that some paintings by Mr. Charles T. Dix, who has been for some time past pursuing the practice of his art in Europe, have arrived in this city, where they will be probably submitted to some connoisseurs and critics at private view. More about these an-

especially the branch lines, which were each made paid for by guaranteed stocks, and, worked at a loss, have deprived the main lines of their profits. The dividends of all diminish, those of many vanish altogether. There is, however, much discontent at the rise of fares.

A sad case of double suicide has occurred at a place called Highbridge. Two servant-girls, named Cridge and Meaker, having been denounced to their master, Hawkins, by the Rev. Mr. Arundel, the curate of the parish, who resided in Hawkins's house, for immorality of conduct, drowned themselves in a pond. This is a second instance of the mischievous effects of clerical interference in the "sweethearting" of the villagers. The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of *felo de se*, and the girls were interred by torchlight, without the burial service. This law of *felo de se* is one of the opprobria of our statutes, not only inflicting a useless punishment on the dead, who, having killed themselves, have already passed upon themselves the highest penalty of the law, but as attended also with a confiscation of goods, chattels, and personal property, for the benefit of the sovereign. Innocent children and broken-hearted widows are by it, without any crime of their own, deprived of the little property the parent may have left behind. The landed proprietors, the richer class of the past, have long ago protected themselves against it, as freeholds are not forfeited for *felo de se*. Why the same principle has not been extended to personal property is not evident. The coroner's juries in most cases grasp at a verdict of "temporary insanity," which, strange to say, protects the property and carries the coveted right of Christian burial. The sooner *felo de se*, which, in days of old, has only enriched needy monarchs or pandering courtiers, is abolished, the better. It is a blot on the scutcheon of the law.

The affairs of the Continent remain in much the same condition. France continues still to push forward her armaments, but has taken no action as yet, except to try to incorporate Belgium, Holland, and Spain in a Customs and Postal Union, in imitation of the Zollverein. This first step toward annexation is not yet publicly avowed, but seems to be on the *tapet*. The difficulties on the side of France are, however, greater, as there is no bond of unity between French, Flemings, Dutch and Spaniards. The annexation of these states, even if practicable, would not be regarded with indifference by England and Germany. The political condition of Spain, reeling at this moment under the effects of a *coup d'état*, with the prospect either of civil war or the fall of the dynasty and the unity of the Peninsula under one sovereign, is not favorable for the project. In Spain the army is everything, and the attempt of Bravo to coerce it threatens to lead to serious consequences. The popularity of the Queen has long declined, and her position is chiefly maintained by pensioned admirals and supporters.

Belgium, at the present moment, is in a delirium of festivity and loyalty, having just erected a statue to Leopold I.

The condition of Italy remains still the same, the only new feature being the revelations about the campaign of 1866. The Italian court played, it appears, into French hands; and, under the inspiration of Prince Napoleon, did not adopt the line of operations proposed by the Prussians, which was to let the Quadrilateral alone, and march and meet the victors of Sadowa under the walls of Vienna. La Marmora, after an interview with the king, dawdled about on this side the Alps, and let the opportunity slip. The Emperor of the French wished, of course, the Austrians to win, and miscalculated, as in the case of Mexico, the relative strength of Prussia and Austria. Such is the state of Europe, that the worst enemy an army has to encounter may be its own general, who may have diplomatic reasons for delay or disasters. The Italian Press has been severe in its comments on the conduct of the war which led to the defeat of Custozza and Lissa, and La Marmora has not escaped great odium for the course he pursued. The Prussian diplomatist Usedom has let all the secret out, and the *entente cordiale* between the Prussians and Italians has been, in consequence, much impaired. Secret diplomacy is the political vice of monarchical institutions, which enables the irresponsible head of a state to substitute weak or dishonest measures, which compromise a nation's existence, unknown to the people over which he rules.

Our own Foreign Office is full of this mystery of statecraft. There are public dispatches for publication and private letters for suppression—the last being the real vehicle of instructions.

#### Shooting of Stephen Wilson and Leslie Chamberlain by Sheriff's Officers on the Stage of the Broadway Theatre, New York City, on the Evening of August 24th.

FOR several weeks a rivalry has existed between J. T. Lloyd, the lessee of the New York Theatre, and D. H. Harkins, the leading actor, regarding the proprietorship of the drama of "Foul Play," in consequence of which the play was produced on the evening of the 24th ult., in both the New York and the Broadway Theatres. Mr. Lloyd having obtained an order for the arrest of Mr. Harkins, Deputy Sheriff George Hickey, with four assistants, repaired to the theatre at about nine o'clock, for the purpose of making the arrest.

Having effected an entrance to the building by a rear door, and knocked the doorkeeper down for opposing them, the officers worked their way to the stairway leading to the dressing-rooms. Without any provocation, Hickey seized Stephen Wilson, the property man, by the throat, and shot him in the head. Another ball followed, which made a severe wound in Wilson's leg. Young Leslie Chamberlain was also shot, receiving injuries which the physicians declared must prove fatal. The affair created intense excitement in the audience, and when the officers were arrested by the police, one of the managers made a few remarks from the stage, and the play proceeded.

#### Charles Dickens Mistaken for a Fenian.

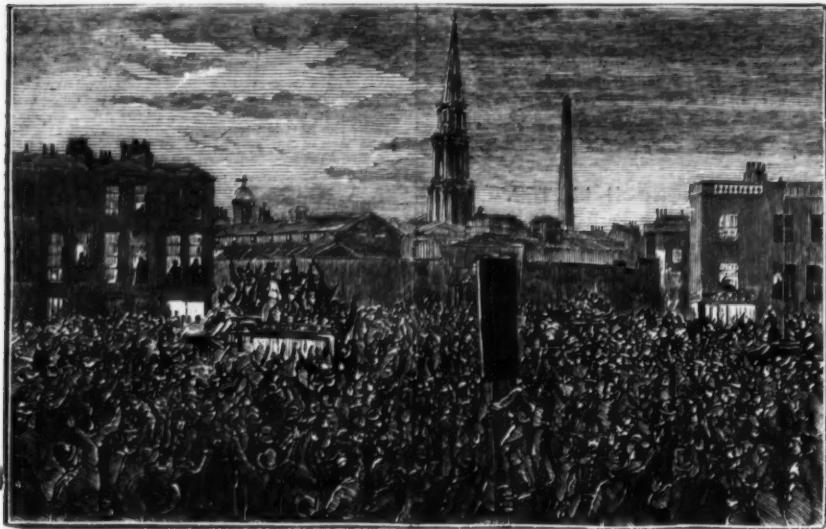
UNDER the title of "An Amusing Mistake," a correspondent of the Cork Constitution writes:

"During this month, three strangers, 'bearded like pards,' appeared in the little town of Doneraile. Though not unearthly, they were very mysterious-looking. They had books and maps and photographic apparatus. The village inn received the wanderers, and they seemed busy and well pleased; but who were they, and what did they want? The fair of Cahirmee was not near; and even if it were nigh at hand, the company seemed to know as little of horseflesh as Dr. Johnson did of old, and like him would be as likely to plead, questioned as to the points of the animal, 'ignorance, gross ignorance.' Their movements attracted the notice of the preservers of the peace, and it was hastily concluded that they were Fenians, probably Americans, possibly headed centre in disguise, and very properly the police resolved to visit them; the strangers were asked their names and business, preparatory no doubt to an excursion not included in their programme. One of them answered frankly and satisfactorily, told his name and occupation, and was fully prepared to prove his identity. My story is just over—the illustrious stranger was a 'writer,' as he described himself, and his name was 'Charles Dickens.' An apology at once off-hand was good-humoredly received, and no further traces were on the guests, and no occasion, like Mr. Pickwick, 'to bring an action when he went to London.' Next day, Sunday, Mr. Dickens attended Divine service at the parish church, and spent the afternoon in Lord Doneraile's park."

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are as bad as a donkey; and what do they do to cure donkeys of stupidity?"

"They feed them better and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

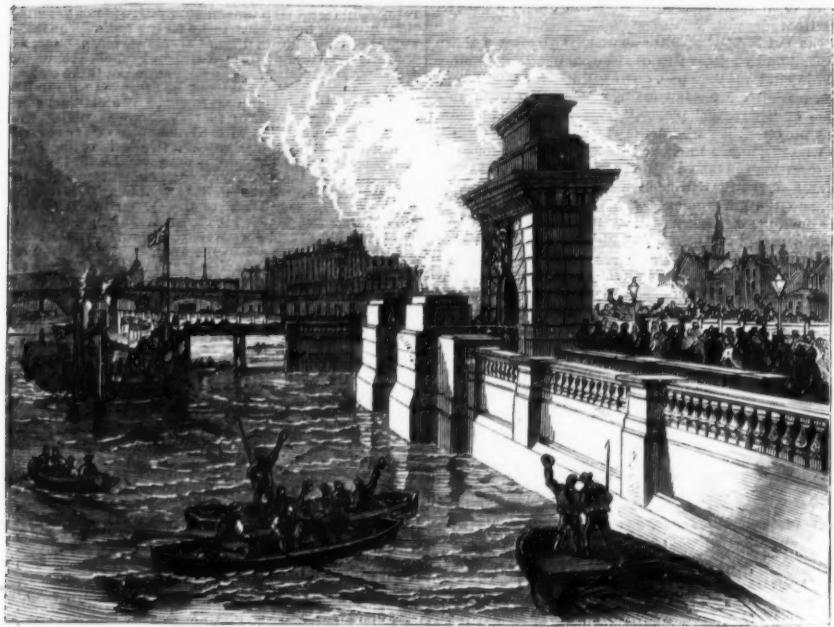
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 405.



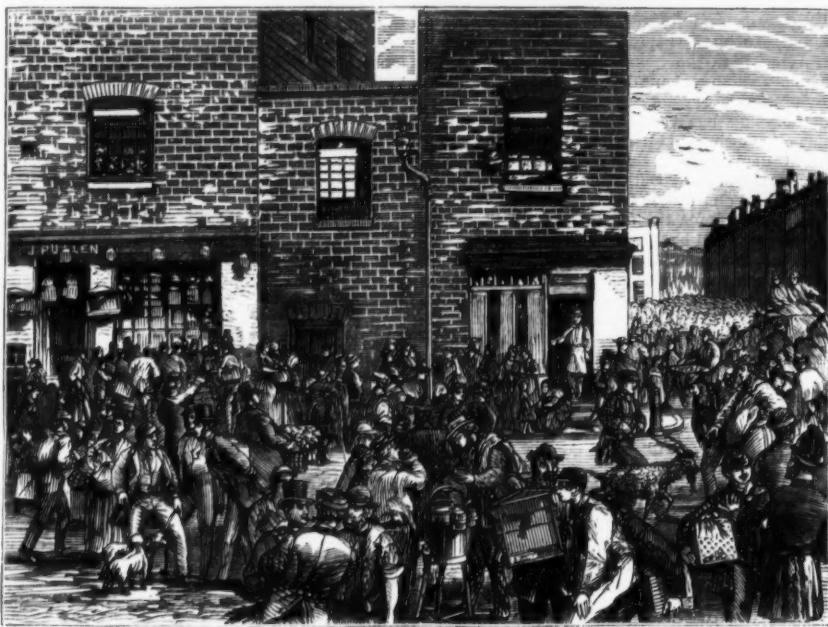
ANTI-RAILWAY CAB MONOPOLY MEETING IN CUMBERLAND MARKET, LONDON, ENGLAND.



LANDING ICE AT CHELSEA, ENGLAND.



OPENING OF THE FOOTWAY ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON, ENGLAND.



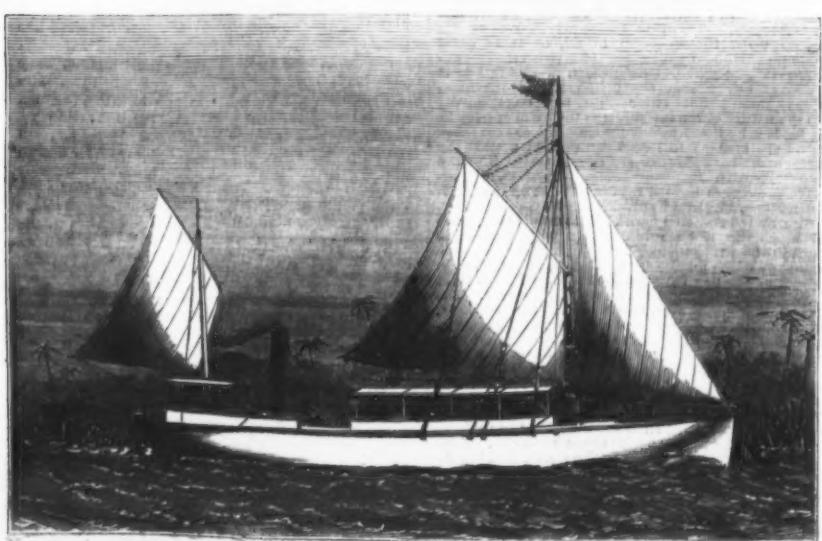
THE SUNDAY MORNING BIRD FAIR IN CLUB ROW, SHOREDITCH, ENGLAND.



THE MUSEUM OF ORNAMENTAL ART, LEEDS EXHIBITION, ENGLAND.



PROGRESS OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF NEW BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE FAUGH-A-BALLAGH, IRON STEAMBOAT FOR AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.



BARE CANOE FROM TERRA DEL FUERO.



ALAMEDA DE TACUA, SOUTH AMERICA.—SEE PAGE 407.

**PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED  
EUROPEAN PRESS.**

**Anti-Railway Cab Monopoly Meeting in  
Cumberland Market, London.**

The rapid extension of the metropolitan railway system has already seriously affected the pecuniary interests of the London cab trade. Cab-drivers flourished grandly a few years ago, when omnibuses and hacks were the only means of conveyance between the city and the suburbs. High fares were demanded, and, as a necessity, paid. The manufacture of vehicles was extensive, and for a season the proprietors controlled the travel in and about the city. With the Great Western Railway Company is said to have originated the "privilege" system, whereby certain cabs, on the payment of a stipulated sum, were permitted to ply for hire within the various railway stations. With the development of the suburban traffic enjoyed by the North London, Metropolitan, and other minor railways, their extension into the city, and their increasing connection with the London termini of the Great Northern, Great Western, Midland, and other leading lines, the more profitable portion of the cab-driver's business gradually began to diminish. Long fares became the exception, and short fares the rule. This loss of remunerative custom was considerably increased by the growing competition of the omnibuses, the proprietors of which were also suffering from the increase of metropolitan railway accommodation. New omnibus routes were continually being opened into neighborhoods where previously cabs had long enjoyed the monopoly of public conveyance. At the same time there was a general lowering of omnibus fares. The drivers have now each to put up with a few short fares, not infrequently finding themselves out of pocket after all actual expenses have been paid. Hence the growing resentment entertained by the cabmen toward the railways. They argue that, inasmuch as the railways have withdrawn so large a portion of custom from the cabs it is only fair that they should have free access to the railway stations. On the evening of July 30th, an open-air meeting was held in Cumberland Market, to adopt measures to put an end to the railway privilege cab system. There were about four thousand cab-drivers in attendance, and resolutions were passed condemning the monopoly, and calling upon the public to see that the just rights of the drivers were accorded them.

**Opening of the Footway on the Thames Embankment, London.**

The opening to foot passengers of the river terrace along the Thames Embankment, took place on Thursday, July 30th, in the presence of a numerous company of visitors. The pathway thus opened, at present extends only from Westminster bridge to Essex street, Strand, and is flagged with Yorkshire stone almost the entire distance. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude and importance of the undertaking when we say that a river wall in granite 8 feet in thickness has been built so as to dam out nearly 50 acres of the river; that this wall is nearly 7,000 feet long; that it averages more than 40 feet high, and its foundations go from 16 feet to 30 feet below the bed of the river. In the formation of this wall and the auxiliary works of drainage, the subways, and filling in with earth behind it, there have been used nearly 700,000 cubic feet of granite, about 30,000,000 bricks, over 300,000 bushels of cement, nearly 1,000,000 cubic feet of concrete; 125,000 cubic yards of earth have had to be dug out, and no less than 1,200,000 cubic yards of earth filled in. There was no special ceremony on the occasion. By twelve o'clock the invited guests had arrived at Westminster bridge, where a procession was formed, and the party made a tour of the entire terrace, headed by Sir John Thwaites, chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, accompanied by Lord John Manners, Mr. Tite, Mr. Ayton, Mr. Cowper, and Mr. Bazalgette, the engineer and designer of the works. After walking along the embankment to the pier at Essex street, Sir John Thwaites took off his hat, and, standing almost alone, declared the road open. At this signal a salute of guns was fired, and the public were at once admitted to the use of the footway.

**National Exhibition of Works of Art, Leeds—The Museum of Ornamental Art.**

The art exhibition in the new building of the Royal Infirmary, at Leeds, England, of which we have given several illustrations, still continues. Our present engraving represents the museum of ornamental art. The various articles are arranged in large show-cases, or collected in groups about the apartment. Specimens of every description of ornamental hardware are there exposed to view. One of the most attractive objects is an old sword which is said to have belonged to John Hampden, the celebrated statesman, and cousin of Oliver Cromwell, who died from wounds received in a

fierce skirmish, June 24th, 1643. Its guard, handle, and pommel, are beautifully chiseled in steel with scenes from the life of King David; the cross hilt terminates in figures of Fame and Time; and other parts are decorated with nude figures and foliage, of minute and exquisite design. This sword is the property of her Majesty the Queen.

**The Faugh-a-Ballagh Iron Steamboat, Built for African Explorations.**

Our illustration represents the little steamboat called the Faugh-a-Ballagh, built by Messrs. Walpole, Webb & Bewley, of Dublin, for exploring Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa. This boat was constructed by order of

Captain Faulkner, late of the Livingstone expedition, and the requirements which he set forth were peculiar. A vessel was to be built which could readily be taken to pieces and re-erected at will, without the need of skilled labor, and which should sail well and steam easily against a four-knot current; carrying about twenty tons, with 3 feet draught of water. No part of the boat when taken asunder was to be so heavy that two men could not easily carry it over mountainous country, or through the thick jungle and undergrowth of the country. This rule was to be observed through every part, both of the boat and boilers. The vessel is 50 feet long, 11 feet broad, and 6 feet deep. It is made in about eighty pieces, held together by 8,000 screw bolts. It performed its trial-trip with much success. The expedition left by the Cape mail of last June, and expects, before its return, to explore thoroughly the shores of Lake Nyassa, and, possibly, to carry the steamer to Lake Tanganyika, and so pass to Albert Nyanza and down the Nile.

**Landing Ice at Chelsea.**

Large quantities of ice are received in the early part of each year at London, Chelsea, and other cities, from Norway. The ice is sent over in blocks weighing from 1 cwt. to 2 cwt. each; and, after being discharged from vessels in the docks or river, is conveyed in lighters to the stores. These wells or stores are specially constructed of a double boarding, stuffed with sawdust; and the ice is packed closely piled up in successive layers, until the building is quite full. The separate pieces of ice in a short time form one immense block, which has to be broken up by crowbars, etc., when wanted for use. The front of the building has a series of doors or stages into which the ice is passed to be stored, and from which it is taken, so that no space is lost by floorings; the contents of the whole interior being, when full, as before stated, one solid piece of ice many hundreds of tons in weight. It is difficult to ascertain the exact quantity imported into England, but it is claimed that the one store represented in our engraving will hold about 3,400 tons, and that it is filled and emptied four times a year, giving for one store alone an annual consumption of over 10,000 tons. The preservation of ice now forms such an important item in the daily consumption of London, as well as in the treatment of diseases, that the metropolitan journals are discussing the subject with a view of arriving at the most perfect and economical plan of storing and preserving in all its purity the almost indispensable commodity.

**The Sunday Morning Bird Fair in Club Row, Shoreditch, England.**

For a period of over twenty-five years, bird fairs have been held every Sunday morning in Club row, Shoreditch. Here from about 10:30 A.M. till 1:30 P.M. are congregated men and lads from all parts of the metropolis: some with birds, others with pigeons, fowls, dogs, white mice, and so on. Now and then may be seen a goat, and horses and ponies are occasionally trotted up and down to show their paces. In fact, Sunday in Club row is like Vanity Fair turned upside down and all the respectability taken out of it. Instead of the hymn of praise or the sound of the gospel, there is a mingled hubbub of sounds, in which the clacking of geese, the clucking of fowls, and the singing of birds, are discordantly blended with the yelping of dogs, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the whistling and shoutings of men, the whole effect of the discord being heightened by the inharmonious strains of a chorus of sherrbet-sellers, cake and fruit vendors, dealers in ginger-beer and groundsel, periwinkles and potatoes, and all those innumerable commodities which can only be purchased in this locality once a week, because the denizens rarely spend money at any other period. Our engraving represents the scene at the corner of Club row and Anchor street, where stands the mission-house (comprising temporary church, infant school, and residence) of the newly-formed ecclesiastical district of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, the object contemplated in the establishment of which was the reclamation of that moral wilderness.

**Progress of the Construction of New Blackfriars Bridge.**

The workmen engaged in the construction of the new bridge at Blackfriars are progressing so rapidly with



Mlle. LUCILLE TOSTEE, PRIMA DONNA BOUFFE.—SEE PAGE 407.

their work that it is supposed the structure will be opened for traffic before the close of the present year. The total length of the new bridge will be from end to end 960 ft., or about 60 ft. longer than Westminster. Its breadth will be 80 ft., or almost double that of the old bridge. The roadway alone is to be 48 ft. wide, or about 3 ft. wider than the whole of the old bridge from outside to outside, and there are, besides these, to be two footways of 17 ft. width each. Each arch is built of nine massive wrought-iron ribs, set at a distance of 9 ft. 6 in. asunder. This is a very much greater distance apart than that at which those of Westminster are set; but, on the other hand, those at Blackfriars are very much more than twice as strong, being 3 ft. 10 in. deep at the crown of the arch and 4 ft. 7 in. at the springing or the point where they rise from the masonry of the piers. The cross braces between these ribs are of proportionate strength and depth, and are placed at intervals of 17 ft. apart. The centre arch will have a span of no less than 185 ft.; the two immediately adjoining this on each side a span of 175 ft. each; while the two smaller arches at the shore ends joining the abutments will have a span each of 155 ft. The height of the centre arch from the water is to be 25 ft.; of the two next side arches, 21 ft. 6 in.; and of the two shore arches 13 ft. 3 in. The granite masonry of the abutments is complete, except the ornamental details of their summits. These massive piles consist of huge blocks of dressed granite, which, though weighing from twelve to fifteen tons each, are shaped and fitted together with the closest accuracy. The bridge when completed will be one of the most substantial and beautiful structures of its kind in England, and will prove a worthy rival to the Westminster.

#### Bark Canoe from Terra del Fuego.

The Royal Geographical Society of London has recently received from the Governor of the Falkland Islands a curious little canoe made of bark, which was brought from Terra del Fuego, having been purchased from a tribe at the northwest end of Navarin Island. The people from whom the little craft was obtained live entirely by the canoe, the fishing-line, and the spear. The dimensions of the canoe are 8 feet long, 22 inches broad, and 18 or 20 inches deep. It is made of the bark of the deciduous beech; the ribs are branches of the winter bark. A fibre of wood is used for stitching when whalebone is scarce, and the seams are calked with soaked and bleached stalks of wild celery, to which clay is sometimes added. On the sheets of bark which line the centre is a platform of clay, upon which a fire is always kept burning when the canoe is in use. Together with this canoe are the paddles, a bark basket, and pots for boiling. The spear-heads are made of whales' bones; that with one barb is a harpoon, the head of which comes out and remains fast to the staff by a lanyard. This is used for killing fish, seals, otters, porpoises, or whales. The other spear is serrated; the head is fast to the staff, and it is used for killing birds.

#### THE SEA-GULL.

WHAT tempts thee to this inland la,  
Thou bird of wind and wave,  
Deserting cliffs and lonely sea,  
A random shot to brave?  
  
Say, dost thou bear on those white wings  
Tidings of weal or woe?  
The blackbird builds, the thrush sings,  
Young zephyrs gently blow.  
  
Or wouldst thou with land-birds contend  
For food our plow upturn?  
Thy habits will not lightly bend;  
Their ways thou well mayst spurn.  
  
I've seen thee where the full surge laves  
Iona's ancient shrine,  
Float high above its sea-gnawn caves,  
Like something half divine;  
  
Or on the Bass Rock's beetling brow,  
In lines of living white,  
Rest with thy kin—a pearly glow  
To deck the robes of Night.  
  
I've marked thee pass that ruined pile  
With reverential stoop  
Where pious Hilda prayed, the while  
Thy spotless pinions droop.  
  
What art thou? Sprung from drifted spray,  
A birth of sea and air?  
Joyous when tides and tempests play,  
When human hearts despair.  
  
Good angel art thou—type of Hope,  
White-pinioned, loily, free—  
To bid us with Life's troubles cope  
Till comes serenity?  
  
A Presence art thou, pure, benign,  
Roaming the boundless fields  
Of sea and sky, in cloud or shine  
Bearing what each day yields?  
  
Whate'er thou art, I gladly hail  
In thee a heaven-sent bird;  
Earth has its dove, so doth not sail  
To make her teachings heard.  
  
I could not harm thy pure pale wing,  
Fleeting you deep blue sky—  
Fear not, as through the heart of Spring  
Thou slowly sailest by.  
  
A welcome sign art thou to me  
Of thoughts no verse may tell;  
Thouliest towrd th' Eternal Sea,  
Fadest—art lost—farewell!

#### THE GIRDLED PINE;

ON,

#### The Eagle Hunter's Story.

One evening, in the autumn of '67, a group was collected in the great hall of a Virginia tavern, the precise location of which it is perhaps unnecessary to mention. In all, it consisted of about eight or ten persons, some driven to take shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and others who were making the little inn their temporary headquarters while on various excursions of science or pleasure.

Among those present might be noticed three young sportsmen from the north of the Potomac, a thin, sallow-featured, nervous Pennsylvanian botanist, and a hardy, rawboned, old mountain-

er, returning to his Alleghany home from a trip to the lowlands.

They were mostly collected around the huge fireplace, on the hearth of which lay a couple of pointers. By their side was the little closet that served as a post-office, and the opposite end of the room was nearly all occupied by the bar and lattice-work rising above it. Doors and windows opened front and back, and in both directions you could get a view of sombre, half-stripped branches waving to and fro in the moonlight, as the wind whirled them about—now solemnly, awfully, as though keeping time to a dirge—now as though some maddened, despairing spirit were wreaking upon them the full measure of his impotent fury.

Henry Waldeck, the elder of the three Washingtonians, was a fine specimen of thoroughly well-regulated, well-balanced temperament, and one of those perfectly honest, conscientious, upright men that it does one good to look upon. Every promise, however trivial, that he made was kept to the letter. When he spoke, his words were deliberately chosen and but little marred by colloquialism. When he acted, he adopted the best means, and applied them deliberately, systematically, and effectively, to the end in view. Precision was the most prominent trait in his character. In all he did you felt that it was he, not his passions or prejudices, that you had to deal with. Add to this, that in everything his faculties appeared to have found the golden medium, and you have Henry Waldeck.

He was a splendid shot, an ardent sportsman, and something of a naturalist. All kinds of game fell in numbers before his unerring aim; but eagle-hunting was his special delight.

At the time of which we are speaking, he was engaged, at the solicitation—little need—of his companions, in recounting one of his adventures upon one of these expeditions.

"Well," said he, "I will tell you all about it. A considerable distance below Washington, on the Potomac, there is a tract of very wild country, where a spur of the Bull Run mountains runs down to the river. Few persons know of its existence, and, in consequence, it is but little frequented. But for all that, the sport there is excellent, and it is the favorite home of the eagles. In order to get a shot at them, you have to hide near their nests, which are built in the highest and most inaccessible trees for miles around. If left undisturbed, they will return to the same place year after year, so you always know where to find them."

"Some friends of mine luckily lived in this locality, and I had always remained with them during my excursions, but on the occasion of which I speak was unfortunate enough to find the house deserted, they having, unbeknown to me, sold out and moved away. So I was obliged to go on to the next house, some two or three miles distant, owned by a Mr. Gwinn, who had the reputation of being very surly in his treatment of strangers."

"A little money, however, induced him to consent to my stay; and I slept pretty comfortably all night—more so, at any rate, than I had expected. Before breakfast I had leisure to notice his family more closely. It consisted only of his wife, who, like himself, was rather elderly and harsh-featured, and a stout lad of seventeen or eighteen, called Josh, and now partially insane from the effects of a brain fever which he had had a short time before. For days he would wander off in the woods, no one knowing, or, apparently, greatly caring, what had become of him."

"It was pretty early when I began my walk toward the eagle-nest which I intended to watch. The leaves were partly unfolded on most of the trees, and the birds were twittering all around. In crossing two or three marshy creeks that ran into the river I started several snipe, but paid, of course, no attention to them. My shot were too large, and it would never do to frighten game of more importance."

"At last I reached the tree—a grand old pine, upward of eighty feet high, and with the lowest branch, a tree in itself, full forty feet from the ground. Since I had last been there some one had girdled it, and there it stood bare and dead, with a narrow whitish ring near the base. But the eagles were back again, for there, near the top, as usual, was the new nest, apparently much nearer completed than I had expected, considering the earliness of the season."

"While I was preparing my 'blind' of bushes I heard suddenly the crackling of a dry twig behind me, and, turning, saw Mr. Gwinn's Josh, who, as it seemed, had followed me out of curiosity. A lunatic is a poor companion on such occasions; but if I sent him off, he might frighten the birds, and, besides, he would be a sort of company, and might be made useful. So I made him sit down beside me and keep quiet."

"Pretty soon he sidled up to me, whispering: 'Wouldn't she make a powerful blaze! That's dead loads o' dried wood in that tree.' I hushed him up, for fear of his alarming the eagles, which might be nearer than we imagined. But every little while he would repeat the same thought in a slightly different form, gazing greedily all the time at the tree. Just then I was too busy about other matters to pay much attention to what he said or did, but had good cause to remember it all before the day was over."

"We waited quietly for an hour and a half or three-quarters, when a black shadow appeared sailing along on the ground a little to the right. I peeped cautiously through an opening in the bushes, which had been purposely left, and caught sight of an eagle coming straight toward the nest—a fine fellow, whose white head and neck glinted in the sun."

"Keeping all ready, I waited patiently as he came on, prepared at the least sign of sheerling off to fire at long range with both barrels, and take the chances. But he suspected nothing, and in one moment more was hovering over the nest, his wings flapping, and stationary. Now was my time; flash went the right barrel; he rose higher

with a startled scream, and, twisting as if badly hurt, tried to fly off. Then I gave him the left, and he came whirling down, striking the ground near me with a heavy thud."

"My first thought was one of triumph, for he was, without exception, the finest specimen I had yet obtained, and would be an addition to my collection that was not to be despised; my next, however, was one of regret, for in the very act of firing I had caught sight of two or three little heads thrust over the edge of the nest, and thought I could distinguish their shrill voices."

"I had not dreamed of this. But, after all, they would not suffer; the female was still left, and she would take care of that; only my sport for the present was ended, for there were no more nests near by, and, after what I now knew, of course I could not think of shooting her. I sat down for a few moments to consider what was to be done next, when the idea struck me that I might turn my time to more profitable account by climbing the tree and catching one of the young ones. That was a feat which had very seldom been performed, owing to the difficulty of the undertaking; and, besides the novelty of the thing, I was really anxious to get one of the little savages into my possession to see whether it could be tamed or not."

"But without a rope this would be about as easy as climbing the side of a house. So, to put Josh to some use, I sent him back home with the necessary instructions. He moved off, seeming quite reluctant to abandon his bonfire project, which he had forgotten for a moment on the appearance of the eagle, but which was now uppermost in his mind again."

"In an hour or two he returned with a huge coil of rope and a fish line in his hand. I tied the two together, and fastened a pebble to the other end of the line. This was thrown over the lowermost branch, and the rope drawn after it. Then Josh held the ends firmly at the bottom while I ascended. From the bough where I now sat the ground and nest were about equally distant. I looked up, and the difficulties in that direction seemed to increase; while, on glancing down, a dizziness began to come over me, which made me turn my eyes as quickly as possible up again. In this way I sat for some time, half inclined to give up the undertaking, but at last determined to go on."

"By standing I could reach the limb next above me, but it was not so easy to climb upon it, for climbing is a very different thing, when you have huge logs as big around as your waist to deal with, from what it is where there are only little branches that may be grasped by the hand. But I had fastened the rope about me by one end, while Josh held it by the middle, paying out as I ascended, and took good care to keep on the opposite side of the limb, so that if I fell I would be checked before falling far; and thus was enabled to ascend with less fear as to the result. After the two or three lower branches were past, my work grew much easier, and soon I was among the small ones, near the top, where the nest was located. There it was, right at my side, a mass four or five feet in diameter, composed principally of sticks, some of them an inch or more thick, and containing five partly-fledged little eaglets."

"As I stood gazing down upon them, a swift, whizzing rush, accompanied by a sharp cry, sounded apparently quite close to my ear. I dropped instinctively into a crouching posture, catching wildly, and, fortunately, with success, for new supports, while, just at that instant, a mass darted by right over my head, barely missing me. It was the mother eagle returning to defend her young."

"I do not consider myself a coward, but I assure you I felt frightened enough then—eighty feet above the ground, attacked by so furious an assailant, on a foothold so insecure, and with no chance for escape or defense."

"I could see Josh far down below me, and shouted to him to fire, but he was busy about something near the root of the tree, and paid no attention to my calls. Recovering from the momentum of her first attack, the bird had wheeled, and was coming right at me again with a vengeful light in her eye, and claws and beak drawn back to give effect to the blow. She seemed as though possessed of a demon."

"I averted my face and crouched down as far as possible, with a horrible sickness at my heart and every joint trembling."

"Just then a light gust of wind struck the tree, bending it backward, and she swept by again, brushing me with her wings as she did so. At first I could hardly realize that I had escaped death a second time. Quick as lightning a hope that I might yet be saved flashed through my mind. Ah! I thought, if I only had a weapon. With all the eagerness of desperation I glanced quickly around. Yes, there was one, and close at hand. Projecting from the side of the nest was a stout stick of some heavy wood. In a moment I had grasped it, and, with something of an effort, wrenched it from the network of which it formed a part. And just in time; for she was swooping down upon me again. I struck; she glanced aside, avoiding the blow, and with quick wheels and flights pounced upon me rapidly, and seemingly from all sides at once. I was fighting for life, however, and turned about as rapidly as she, striking out madly in all directions. For several minutes this strange combat lasted between man and bird, till at last, by a heavy blow, I sent her whirling down, with a broken wing, and rested back against the nest, nearly exhausted by my strange exercise."

"You may suppose I was not anxious to remain in my elevated position longer than was necessary, particularly as the wind had now increased in power, and was soughing through the tree-tops rather ominously, swaying the one on which I was backward and forward to such a degree that the greatest care was needed to enable me to retain my position, while the black clouds that had risen over the horizon some ten degrees, almost hiding

the sun, looked very much like an approaching storm. So I fastened the finest of the young eagles to my back, taking care that he should hang head downward (for the little savage would have thought nothing of tearing out my eyes if he could have got at them, and, as it was, gave me no little trouble by his squirming), and made my way carefully down to the lower branch."

"During the descent the thought once or twice struck me of what Josh could be doing all this while. He must have both seen and heard what was going on above; and it appeared very strange that he had made no motion to help me, and uttered no word. Perhaps, I thought, one of his strange freaks might have taken him, and he had left for home or elsewhere. At all events I should soon see for myself what was the cause."

"I looked down, and there he was, sure enough, busily employed piling wood and the dried pine spears, that lay all about, against the base of the tree. I wondered what could be his object, and asked him. He looked up with a vacant sort of stare, and laughed. No master, I thought, perhaps he is trying to make a pile to break my fall if the rope should give way—not a bad idea, either. At any rate I should be with him soon. So I untied the rope from my waist, and let it drop over the limb: it just reached the ground. The other end had, as I supposed, been fastened by Josh to a small tree that grew near the base, and was about equally long. Then I let myself carefully over the side, holding on to the unfastened portion. But, just as I did so, some impulse, perhaps a little nervousness, caused by descending from such a height, made me grasp the branch above with my right hand, almost convulsively, hooking my fingers into a broad crack that ran lengthwise, caused, perhaps, by the drying of the wood. It was well I did so, for no sooner did a pound of my weight rest upon the rope than it whirled over the branch, and left me clawing the air for a firmer hold—the lunatic had forgotten to fasten it."

"I remember well the horrid feeling that came over me as I found myself hanging in this way, with certain death below me if I fell. But it was only for a minute; the other hand had soon grasped the branch, both feet were braced against the tree, and with one vigorous twist I landed safely above, but all trembling."

"The next thing was how to get down. There lay the rope tumbled in a heap way down below, the trunk rose perpendicularly without niche or foothold, and Josh was deaf and dumb as usual. I called and yelled to him, and began to get really furious; but concluded there was no use in that, as he seemed to be utterly incapable of comprehending anything just then."

"There he was, rushing backward and forward in a state of considerable excitement, laughing and chuckling delightedly to himself, and continually piling armfuls of dried wood and similar materials upon the roots."

"For some time I looked on, wondering what could be his object, when all at once I recollect his expressions about setting fire to the tree. There could be no doubt that he was madman enough to do that, or anything else which might enter his thoughts. The idea almost made me go mad, too. I shouted and yelled to him louder than ever to fling up the rope; but only received for answer a few hurried words, of which 'fire' was about all that I could understand; and he went to work again harder than ever. His intentions were plain enough now, and it was evident that any attempt to dissuade him would be simply a waste of time; and all I could get of that would be needed in saving myself."

"But this was easier said than done. The tree was completely isolated, a leap to the ground would be almost certain death, and I could think of no other method of escape. If, however, I could only find some means to drive him off or prevent him from lighting the pile, all would be well; indeed, this course seemed to offer my only chance of safety. I searched my pockets for something heavy to throw. My hand rested on a heavy clasp-knife which I had forgotten until now, but I was unwilling to use it if milder means offered."

"A glance around showed me the eagle, whose wing I had broken, caught among some small branches, running out from the one I was on, and directly over Josh's head, as he bent over the fagots, sprinkling something, probably powder, upon them. I gave one or two vigorous shakes, and, with a scream, she fell plump on his bare head—he wore no hat—fastening the talons of one foot in his hair, while she tore viciously at his back with the other. He leaped up with a half-howl, half-shriek, and rushed frantically off, as though a demon were after him (and, no doubt, he thought there was), then tore the thing from his head, after a short and fierce struggle, and dashing it violently on the ground, seized a heavy stick, stamped on, and beat it into a jelly, uttering all the while cries like a wild beast. I had hoped that this fight would have deterred him from the completion of his project; but it seemed on the contrary to raise him to perfect fury. He appeared to recognize me as the cause of his misfortune, and returned to his work with hair all disheveled, clothes torn to rags, and face streaming with blood. I felt that it was no time to hesitate now, grasped my knife which lay open beside me, and awaited. He came close under, looked up scowling, then bent down to strike a light. As he did so, I darted the knife down with the best aim I could take, and all the force I could command; but it was too long a throw to be entirely successful. The blade missed his neck, at which I had aimed, and laid open his right arm from the shoulder half way down. The match, already lighted, dropped from his hand; he staggered and nearly fell; then rushed off, moaning pitifully, holding the disabled arm in his other hand; and sat down at a distance. I felt sorry for him, but really could not blame myself for what I had done."

"A new danger now attracted my attention

The match had fallen beyond the powder, but, unfortunately, right in among the dry pine needles which covered the ground. Those right around were already catching fire, and in a moment more a blaze would be started which would reach the powder almost instantaneously. As quick as possible I stripped off my coat, and dropped it as nearly as I could upon the spot. It fell, however, a little on one side, and the wind it made in falling fanned the burning fragments; a flash shot over the ground, and in a few moments the pile was all ablaze. Then the tree caught, and the fire began climbing upward; at first, slowly, but soon with greater rapidity. I realized then that the danger I had been dreading and fighting against so long was upon me at last. I had fully investigated and weighed all my chances of escape before, and was satisfied I could have no hope. Do what I would, I could not get away. All that remained for me was to go up as far as possible beyond reach of the fire, for even a short respite was better than to be burned where I sat.

"But I was left little time to discuss the question. The smoke was already wreathing around me, and the air had become disagreeably hot. Half way up I could see the tongues of fire, licking around the trunk, and darting up, one above the other, and the deep red glow beneath, now half obscured. Onward it came—nearer and nearer; something must be done; there was no time to lose. I seized hold of the bough above, and began my ascent. The difficulty seemed now to have entirely disappeared, and in a few seconds I was alongside the nest again. On the way up, the tree rocked fearfully, but I scarcely noticed it on account of the greater danger which pursued me from below.

"Yes, it literally pursued me, and by the time I had reached the top, was roaring and crackling among the lower branches. The smoke and heat had not left me for a moment, and the former was now so dense as to completely hide the flames below from my sight. My eyes were smarting and full of water. I turned them upward for relief. Then, almost over me, and sweeping rapidly onward, was the storm-cloud; and the wild dashing of the branches showed that in a moment more it would reach the spot.

"The flames, too, were close at hand. I could feel their approach now, though I could no longer see it. The skin seemed blistered all over me; my head ached as if it would burst; and at every gasp the smoke poured down my throat, nearly stifling me. The very sky was hidden now; I was almost in the midst of the fire. It was plain I could not hold out much longer.

"Just then one mighty gust struck the tree, which bent and cracked dreadfully, but did not break. The smoke cleared partially away from above and around me; and, as I looked out half blinded, I could see the flames, apparently not more than ten or fifteen feet below me, flare quickly to one side as a candle will when your breath strikes it. Then the tree righted, and I was left again in the horrible darkness and heat; but not till I had caught sight of the fringe of the cloud right over me, and knew that the strange rage of the elements was nearly ended. I felt as though some fiend and my good angel were struggling to possess me; and could have almost fallen down to worship that cloud, which yet appeared to have arrived too late.

"The fire had flashed up again, and was really almost upon me; my tortures far exceeded anything I can describe. I drooped downward half dead, and had almost let go my hold, when a tremendous crash of thunder sounded overhead, and a drop struck me full in the face as I started up. Then followed another, and another, and another, pattering more quickly; and then a torrent.

"For some time I hardly knew whether I was saved or not. Fire and water seemed about equally matched, and the smoke was thicker than ever. I clung to the branches half senseless, taking short breaths at long intervals, waiting for the end. But the rain came down with a rush, and the fire was soon confined to the lower part of the tree, where it flickered and smoldered for a while, then died completely away; and even the smoke soon disappeared, leaving me to the undisturbed enjoyment of my shower-bath.

"I assure you, after what I had undergone, it was quite refreshing, and under its influence I was soon restored sufficiently to be able to descend from my perch, which was rather a painful operation, as my legs felt all skinned, and I smarted and ached from head to foot from the effects of the baking I had undergone. Besides, the branches were charred, and threatened in places to give way. At last I reached the lowermost limb and rested.

"All this time the wind had been rushing and roaring past just as it is out yonder. It was this which made me come down, for I expected every moment to see the trunk give way somewhere. I sometimes wonder now that it did not, but the reason, I suspect, must have been that the fire had spread quickly over the bark, full of resinous matter as it was, but really did less damage to the wood itself than it appeared to do, so that the actual strength of the tree was not much lessened. But I never thought of this then, and so my fears continued, and rather increased as the evening and night wore on. By dark the rain had stopped falling, but the wind blew harder than ever. The moon soon shone out, and the sky took very much the appearance that it has now. Now and then it—the wind I mean—would slacken off a little; then it would blow a perfect hurricane. In fact, everything was just as it is now outside, only I was perched on a half-burned pine tree, shivering in the night air, drenched, and blistered, and half dead, and expecting every moment to be sent crashing to the ground; instead of sitting comfortably in here, telling this long story for your benefit."

"But how did you escape at last?" asked Bradford, another of the Washington trio.

"Oh! a steamboat passed about noon the next day, bound for Washington, saw me up there,

heard my calls, which certainly were loud enough, and landed for me. With the help of the crew I was soon on board, and reached home safely in two or three hours, pretty well battered up, and without my young eaglet. It took me a week or ten days to recover sufficiently to move about with comfort."

"What became of that lunatic—Josh you called him, I think?" again inquired his questioner.

"I afterward learned that he recovered from his wound, and from his craziness as well. It was supposed that his blood-letting had caused it, so when I returned to those parts, determined to do what I could to repair the evil I had occasioned, I was met with thanks instead of the curse I looked for. He is now, I understand, the principal manager of the little farm owned by his father, who, at least toward me, has grown more friendly in disposition than formerly. Just before I left the city to come down here with you, I received a pressing invitation to pay him a visit, of which I mean to avail myself next spring. That is all I can tell you about that eagle-hunt."

Then followed the usual comments of wonder and congratulation, till the conversation was gradually led away from this topic, and in a little time the interest which the eagle-hunter's story had excited was usurped by that of the old mountaineer, which in turn was forgotten in the succeeding recitals, that each member of the group contributed, as the desultory conversation called them to mind, to while away the hours. Some of these may, perhaps, at some future time, again see the light in these columns.

#### The Alameda of Tacua, Peru.

EVERY Spanish town has its plaza and its alameda; the one a square within the city, the other a promenade or pleasure-road in the suburbs, arranged with more or less taste and liberality for the convenience of those who desire to take exercise in carriage, on horseback, or on foot. Our engraving represents the alameda of Tacua, a thriving town of Peru, on the river of the same name. The town is 1,700 feet above the ocean, and its fertile vicinity forms a contrast to the desert tracts all around. The alameda is a pleasant drive along the banks of the river, planted with shade trees and ornamented with statues, forming altogether a suburban improvement very creditable to the community.

#### Mlle. Lucille Tostee, Prima Donna Bouffe.

MILLE. LUCILLE TOSTEE was born in Paris in 1842. At an early age she showed a great liking for music, which decided her father (a colonel in the army), to place her in the Conservatoire de Musique at Paris. Her progress there was exceedingly rapid, and on graduating she achieved a most unusual triumph by carrying away the first prizes for both singing and piano-forte. Probably her great histrionic talent would have remained unknown had she not joined a company of amateurs. While in this company she played one of Offenbach's smaller pieces in the presence of the great composer, who was so delighted that he offered her an engagement at his own theatre, where she appeared shortly after as Eurydice in "Orphée aux Enfers" on the night of its first production, and achieved an immense success. She played Eurydice 400 nights. At the close of Offenbach's season, he engaged her to travel in Germany and Italy with him as *prima donna*, and with her visited all the large cities of the continent, in every one of which she became exceedingly popular. Her career has been an extraordinarily brilliant one, she being the only actress of opera-bouffe in existence who has never played anything else. Her *début* was made under Offenbach's management, and she continued with him during the greater part of her theatrical career. Finally, Mr. Bateman, remarking her great talents, engaged her, and introduced her to delight his countrymen.

#### Indian Depredations—The Capture of a Freight Train by Sioux Indians.

THE United States Government, not too soon, has determined upon active warfare against the hostile Indian tribes as the only means of securing safety for settlers on the frontier and travelers on the plains. General Sherman has been instructed to use the most vigorous and decisive measures, and he is just the man to carry out such instructions with earnestness and spirit. The savages have recently been so turbulent and aggressive that there is no longer any hope of keeping them quiet by conciliation and treaty. As the appeal to arms is inevitable, the Government is wise in directing General Sherman to strike blows that will be felt.

Our engraving in connection with Indian depredations represents the antics of a party of Sioux after the capture of a freight train of the Union Pacific Railroad. The dusky warriors, taking the rolls of calico from the cars, tied the ends to the tails of their ponies, and galloped over the plains with the long strips of gay-colored cloth floating and dragging after them. It was rare sport for the red thieves, doubtless, and the scene was picturesque; but such pastimes are too costly to be encouraged, and we trust that General Sherman will "reform it altogether."

*Apropos* of Indian depredations, we have received a letter from an officer of the regular United States army, whose name at his request we suppress, in which, alluding to our illustration, in a recent number, of a massacre of Indian women and children in Idaho, he says:

"I would respectfully request that, in your next, if possible, you portray the other side of the picture. I would state that, if such a massacre ever took place, in my opinion, it was wholly without warrant from military authority, and undoubtedly committed by settlers and friendly Indians, who believe, and with a great deal of reason, that they are perfectly justified in fighting those savage barbarians in their own way."

"In an experience of nearly three years in Arizona, among the hostile Apaches, who say they have never made peace and never will, I have not known an Indian squaw to be killed by the troops, or the scouts, who are regularly enlisted Indians, and subject to all military laws as soldiers, unless they show fight with the "bucks," which they often do, and with far greater tenacity and fierceness; nor have I known a child to be killed under any circumstances. On the contrary, the women and children captured are brought into the military posts, from which, as they are great nuisances, they soon manage (?) to escape."

"On the contrary, what is the fate of a white woman falling into their hands? Worse than a thousand deaths, and too horrible to describe. What of a child?

If a boy, to be subjected to all kinds of petty torture until he is large enough for a slave, or till, to save him from such indignity, he decides to be an Indian. If a girl, to be brought up to become the wife (?) of some favored "buck."

"Sometimes men are captured, though any man who has lived in an Indian country any time would take his own life before he would allow himself to be taken and subjected to the tortures sure to follow—a description of a few of which that have been practiced by the Apache Indians in the territory of Arizona I will give you."

"Imagine a cactus as large round as a man's body, and about thirty feet high, covered all over with thorns, sharp as a needle, and about an inch and a half long—to this cactus a man tied up by the heels, perfectly naked, and a slow fire built under his head, which it roasts until it actually bursts open, and you have one of their mildest modes of torture."

"Imagine another instance the unhappy prisoner to have his hands tied behind him, to be thrown upon the ground, and his teeth, finger and toe-nails pulled out; to be then buried in a pit up to his arms, the dirt stamped down around, and a circle of fire built around him at a distance of about ten feet, and thus roasted alive. During both these processes the squaws are occupied in gashing the sufferers with knives and pricking them with sharp burning sticks. There are other and more systematic modes of torture too numerous for me to mention, and which might not be believed if I did. A common practice with them is to cut out the heart of a man too badly wounded to be carried off, while still living. They then riddle the body with arrows and bullets, and leave it to be picked by the wolves. This has been the sad fate of many an officer and soldier of the United States army, and thousands of citizens. The roads everywhere are lined with their graves."

"Is it a wonder, then, that the frontiersmen hate an Indian with an inveterate hatred, and that sometimes they become almost demoniacal, when chance or cunning throws an opportunity in their way to 'get even'?"

"Would that the people could see the Indian as he really is. I think they would demand a war of extermination. 'Twould be far better for both red and white man in the end."

We publish the most of our correspondent's letter, as he has evidently had opportunities to collect information on the subject. But, at the same time, while ready to give both sides of the picture, we reiterate—Do not massacre the squaws and the papooses.

#### Indian Game of La Crosse, Played by Canadians at the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, August 26th.

THE Indian game of La Crosse was played at the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., on Wednesday afternoon, August 26th, by the Dominion Club of Montreal, Canada, numbering twenty-four gentlemen. La Crosse is a great favorite among the Canadian Indians, and in Montreal the game is almost as popular as Baseball in the United States. The game commenced about three o'clock.

The club was equally divided, one-half of the members wearing a blue cap and scarf, the other, wearing a red cap and sash.

The following will give an accurate idea of the manner in which the game is played:

Two red flags on posts six feet high and six feet apart are placed at one end of the ground, and two blue flags on similar posts are placed 180 yards distant from the red flags. The players then choose their sides; twelve on each is the usual number. They are each provided with an instrument about four feet long, formed of hickory, and crooked at the top. Across this crook is stretched catgut, so that it somewhat resembles a racket club, but has a much longer handle. The ball is formed of spongy India-rubber, and is about two inches in diameter. In front of the flag-staffs are placed goal-keepers, whose duty it is to prevent the ball being driven between the flag-staffs. They are assisted by a "point" and "cover point." Another man is placed midway between the two goals, called the "centre," another near the opposite goal called "home." The others are known as "fielders." The ball being placed on the ground between the two "scacers," midway of the two goals, the captain gives the word, and each "scacer" endeavors to hurt the ball toward his own goal. The game is won when either party succeeds in driving the ball between the two flag-staffs guarded by his opponents. It must, however, be driven fairly between them, not over them, nor can it be driven through from behind. The ball may be struck or stopped by the player with his bat or with any part of his person, his hands excepted. To the goal-keeper no such restriction applies. He may catch the ball in his hands if he feels so disposed. This is seldom done, however.

At one moment the ball approaches the blue flags only to be stopped by the goal-keeper and hurled back to the centre of the ground. Then it is surrounded by half a dozen men, fierce blows are struck, heels are tripped up, and many a player finds himself suddenly seated on the grass. Notwithstanding the apparent fierceness of the contest, however, injuries are seldom, if any, sustained by the players. Numerous "dodges" are practiced by each side to delude their adversaries. A common one is to carry the ball on their bats, and when closely pursued to throw it over their opponents' heads, or to throw it in the air, and when their adversaries have swept past to catch it again.

Four games were played, the Reds winning three. The sport was witnessed by a good company of spectators.

#### The Body of Charles Loring Elliott Lying in State at the Academy of Design, New York City, August 28th.

THE remains of Charles L. Elliott, the artist, arrived in this city on Thursday afternoon from Albany, in charge of the sculptors Palmer and Calverly, also Messrs. Louis Lang, Sanford Thayer, S. P. Avery, Fred. S. Cozzens, and the deceased artist's son and his two brothers. The body was conveyed to the National Academy of Design, on the corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, where it lay in state until two o'clock, on Friday afternoon, when the funeral obsequies were performed. The remains preserved a lifelike appearance, and were viewed by a very large company of the professional friends and relatives of the talented deceased. The burial service took place at Greenwood Cemetery.

A GENTLEMAN having occasion to call upon an author, found him in his study, writing. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said: "It is as hot as an oven."

"So it ought to be," replied the author, "for it's here I make my bread."

#### The Celebrated Jecker—A Duel about his Mexican Bonds.

PARIS, August 7, 1868.—In an article of the 27th of July last, published in the *Liberte*, Odysse Barrot, commenting on the discussion in the Legislative body on the Mexican claims, used the following language in reference to the banker Jecker, who figured so prominently in the events which led to the Mexican war:

"It is indeed true," wrote M. Barrot, "that a chivalrous prince founded an empire at the other side of the ocean only to satisfy the rapacity of a Swiss usurer I Maximilian fell under the Mexican bullets, but that was only half the evil; the banker Gobbeck received his twelve millions."

On this followed the correspondence subjoined, which I translate from the *Liberte* of last evening:

PARIS, July 28, 1868.

SIR—I have seen in the *Liberte* of the 27th inst. an article entitled *L'Epilogue*, signed by you.

As you insult me in the grossest and vilest manner by this article, although I have not given you the least motive for it, I demand that you shall apologize at once through the same channel, or, in the contrary case, that you shall give satisfaction, arms in hand.

I have named as my witnesses MM. A. de Morineau and A. Salar, who will hand you this note, and will settle the preliminaries with the seconds that you may name.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my distinguished consider-

J. B. JECKER,  
M. Odysse Barrot.  
To this M. Barrot sent the following spirited reply:

PARIS, July 30, 1868.

SIR—On principle I ought not to accept your challenge, because, in appreciating the rôle which you have played in the sad Mexican drama, I have only exercised my right as a journalist to report what has been justly asserted a thousand times at the tribune of the Legislative body, and in all the independent organs of the European press.

As, however, you venture to summon me to the field, I accept your challenge, happy to risk my life against the foreigner who has been the primary cause of the dishonor of my country, and of the death of so many of our unfortunate and heroic French soldiers. I salute you.

I have named as my witnesses, my friends MM. Uriel de Fronville and Leon Cahun, instructing them to accept the conditions of the combat, such as you understand.

Immediately after the receipt of this letter, the parties set out for Brussels, and the meeting took place on the 1st, in the Bois de la Cambre, at six in the afternoon. The duel was conducted pretty much after the American fashion.

The parties had been placed at thirty-five paces from each other, with the option of advancing ten paces. M. Jecker slowly advanced a step, and presented his pistol. M. Barrot uncovered himself for several minutes. The same proceedings were repeated. M. Barrot remained standing as before. One of M. Jecker's witnesses now exclaimed in a tone of impatience:

"Why does not M. Barrot advance?"

"Excuse me," interrupted M. de Fronville, "M. Barrot is observing the conditions of the combat. Let your principal fire. Our friend means to receive the first shot."

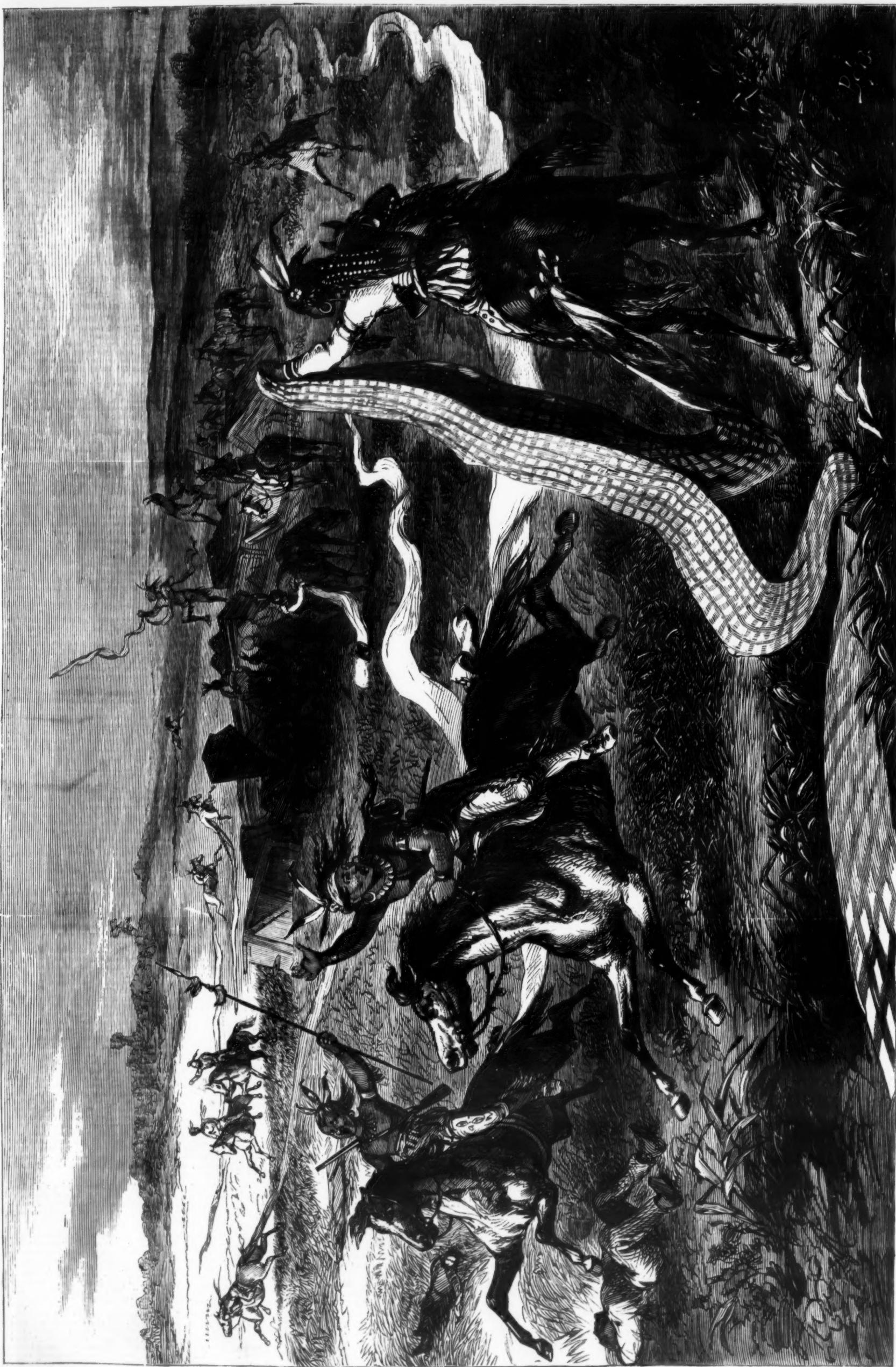
And on a movement made by one of the witnesses of M. Jecker, he added:

"Let us fall back then on the first conditions of the hand."

After a delay of a few minutes, these fresh conditions were accepted. At the second signal M. Jecker fired, and his ball struck M. Barrot in the stomach, but being diverted from its course by one of the buttons of his waistcoat, it passed into one of its pockets and was found in the lining.

It was to this lucky chance that M. Barrot probably owed his life. As it was, he received a severe contusion in the region of the liver, and had not strength enough left to return the fire. The duel lasted about a quarter of an hour. All present bore testimony to the admirable coolness and self-possession of M. Barrot. He deserved all the more credit for his calmness, for he went out to meet almost certain death, M. Jecker being one of the first shots in France.

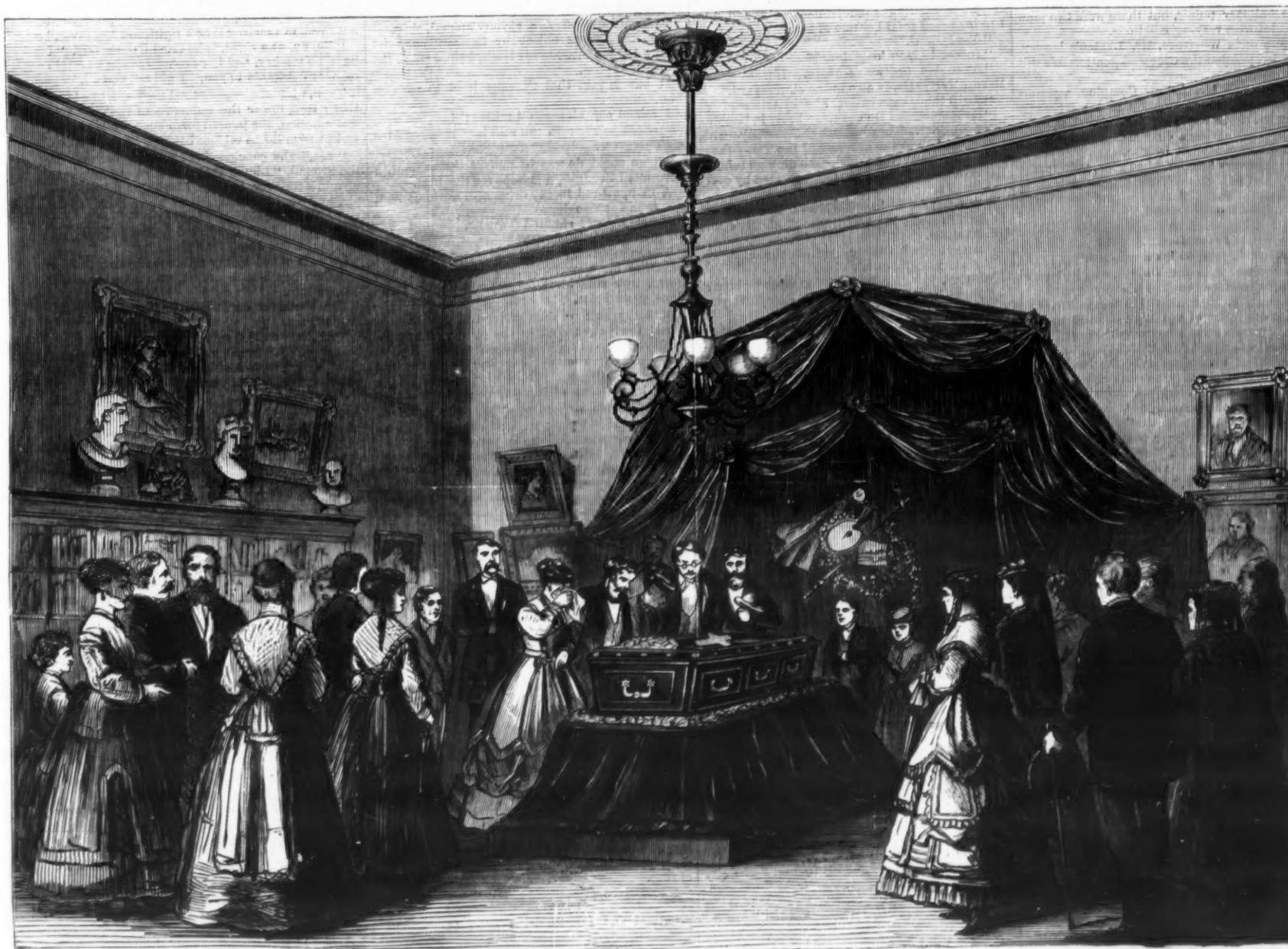
LOOKING FOR COLFAX.—Schnuyler Colfax has one friend in Oregon, who will be delighted to hear of his nomination. We mean Casey, the landlord of the Mountain House. When Colfax and Governor Gross passed through that State in 1865, they found our friend Casey a kind of political riddle, and were a little puzzled to discover his exact status. The jolly old governor, who had been the life of the party, was somewhat taken aback by Casey's brusque manners, and, judging from a picture of Stonewall Jackson, hanging on the wall, and an abundance of democratic papers lying around, that he was a genuine "reb," he approached him very carefully. "Southern man, Mr. Casey?" inquired the governor, in his bluntest tone. "You bet, by G—; belong to New Orleans; the old woman, she's Irish," said the landlord. "Heard of Mr. Colfax, I suppose?" Mr. Casey, Mr. Colfax—Schnuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives?" said Gross, as he introduced his distinguished traveling companion to the supposed bushwhacker. Casey grasped the Speaker by the hand till the blood nearly started from his finger-nails, and exclaimed with just the slightest degree of profanity—"Colfax! Colfax! why, d—n your skin, is that you? I've been looking for you for the last three months—why, how the d—l are you, old fellow, anyhow?" Colfax thought of his political sins against the rebels; faint ideas that Casey might be a fanatic, whose particular mission was to follow the example of Wilkes Booth, came over him, and he experienced much relief when Casey assured him in a less excited tone that he was very glad to see him,



THE CAPTURE OF A FREIGHT TRAIN OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, BY SIOUX INDIANS -ANTICS OF THE SAVAGES AFTER THE CAPTURE.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY WHITE.—SEE PAGE 407.



THE INDIAN GAME OF LA CROSSE, PLAYED BY THE DOMINION CLUB OF MONTREAL, CANADA, AT THE CAPITOLINE GROUNDS, BROOKLYN, L. L., AUGUST 26TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 407.



THE BODY OF CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT, LYING IN STATE AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 28TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 407.

## WALKING.

Did you ever go a-walking  
With a pretty country girl,  
When her tongue was shy of talking.  
And her hair was out of curl—  
When her lips, like scarlet berries,  
Peated temptingly at you—  
When her cheeks were red as cherries,  
And her eyes a 'wilderling blue?  
When I was some ages younger,  
Once upon a time," you know—  
I was handsome then, and stronger—  
I went walking out just so.

Carelessly she swung a basket  
With her pretty, childish grace,  
And her curls, as if to mask it,  
All in sunshine hid her face.  
Soon she quit the graceful swinging,  
Tossed the willow toy to me,  
And broke out in careless singing,  
Of some merry little glee.

Side by side we went a-trouting  
On that sunny summer's day,  
But she vowed, with rose-lips pouting,  
That I scared her fish away.  
Oh, my pretty farmer's daughter,  
How you shouted with delight,  
Tossing pebbles in the water,  
"Just to make the fishes bite!"  
Up I sprang, my rod resigning,  
When she bounded off—the tease :  
Up hill rising, down declining,  
In and out among the trees,  
Swift I chased her ; and I caught her  
Where the willows droop so low ;  
"Ah, I have you, farmer's daughter—  
Shall I ever let you go?"

Eyes avert, and cheeks a-blushing,  
Like the early dawn of day,  
Look at me, and quit your blushing ;  
No, you shall not turn away !  
Oh, that smile, so sweetly winning !  
Oh, that mouth, so deeply red !  
"Oh, the prettiness of sinning  
When with so much beauty wed !"  
Do you love me—answer *cherie* !—  
Ah, you speak so softly, dear,  
That I know, my woodland fairy,  
Even the harebell could not hear.  
By the forehead's rosy flushing  
And sweet glances turned away—  
By my rose's sudden blushing,  
Ah, I know, it was not "Nay."

## The Lawyer's Plot.

On the 14th of June, 1866, appeared the following notification of a death in the public prints :

"At his residence, Hyde Park Gardens, Mr. Jacob Laxton, aged 74. Deeply lamented."

This advertisement possessed very little interest for the ordinary public, but there were two men who read it with varying emotions.

One was Silas Wingrove, Mr. Laxton's lawyer, in whose possession the deceased gentleman's will was.

The other was Mr. Arthur Compton, a young gentleman holding a situation in a merchant's house in the city, a nephew of Mr. Jacob Laxton's, and of course, having a chance of succeeding to some of the property left by him.

He was not very sanguine, however, as to inheriting any part of his uncle's wealth, for he had, in an evil hour, offended him by the profligacy of his conduct, and on one occasion, when overcome by intoxication, he had grossly insulted him.

It was not in Jacob Laxton's nature to forgive such treatment, even on his death-bed.

He was a hard man of the world, who had made his own fortune and worked his way up from a humble position. He contrived to scrape together and leave one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling—by no means a contemptible sum.

"I wish," exclaimed Arthur Compton, as he sat at breakfast at his lodgings in the Strand—"I wish the old man's fortune was mine. There would be no more slavery, no more hard work. I should be my own master, and could live like a gentleman."

The rat-tat of the postman sounded at the door, just as he was rising in a languid manner as the propriety of going into the city occurred to him.

"A letter for you, sir," said the servant, coming into the room.

He took it, glanced at the superscription, turned it over, and at last broke the seal.

It was from Silas Wingrove, requesting an interview at Arthur Compton's earliest convenience.

"Why, that is old Laxton's lawyer," said Arthur ; "I remember perfectly well going to him for some money once when my uncle would not see me. I'll take a holiday and drop in upon Wingrove. Who knows but what I may have unexpectedly tumbled into a large fortune?"

Although money was not very plentiful with him, his impatience to get to the lawyer's office was so great that he hired a cab—a piece of extravagance he was fond of indulging in when the state of the exchequer permitted it.

Mr. Wingrove was already at his office, though the hour was an early one.

On mentioning his name, the clerk at once admitted Arthur, as if he had received special instructions respecting him.

The lawyer was a tall, gaunt, hard-featured man, with beetie brows, high cheek bones, and a clean shaven face. His hair was a short bristly iron gray.

Motioning him to a seat, the lawyer exclaimed :

"Your promptitude in replying to my letter in person, sir, is most praiseworthy; pray be seated."

Arthur Compton took a chair, and awaited the opening of the conversation by the man of law.

"Have you seen the morning papers?" inquired Silas Wingrove.

"I have."  
"The obituary?"  
"Contains the name of my Uncle Laxton, who will be no great loss to the community; a greater curmudgeon—"

"Stop! stop! my dear sir," said the attorney ; "you must not be permitted to run on in this way. The memory of the dead is always sacred."

"Pardon me, I was carried away by my feelings," replied Arthur Compton.

"Mr. Laxton's will is in my possession. I was his confidential adviser to the last, but though I knew he could not long survive, I was not prepared for so sudden a decease. I must confess that the announcement of his death this morning took me somewhat by surprise."

"The will?"  
"Is here," answered Silas Wingrove, laying his hand upon a bulky parchment.

"What are its provisions?"  
"Your name is mentioned."

Arthur Compton could scarcely contain his joy. He mentioned in Jacob Laxton's will ! Oh, it was too much happiness. Perhaps he was the master of the old man's fortune.

"In what way am I noticed?" he inquired, restraining his curiosity, and making an effort to appear calm.

"Mr. Jacob Laxton has left you—"

"Yes, yes."  
"Has left you by will the sum of—"

"How much?"  
"Exactly one shilling to buy a rope with. Its purpose and application, not being alluded to, are left to the imagination."

"D—n him!" cried Arthur Compton, springing up in a towering passion. "The brute! I—I won't go to his funeral."

Silas Wingrove smiled sardonically.

"Don't excite yourself, my dear sir. I tried to break the communication gently to you, because I knew it would be a severe blow to you. The difference between unlimited wealth and poverty is very great. I don't wonder at your agitation and disappointment."

"Did you only send for me to tell me that I was cut off with a shilling?" exclaimed Arthur, glaring around him.

"No," answered the lawyer, sharply.  
"Because if you did, all I have to say is, I have no fondness for such jokers."

"Again, I tell you no. I had an object in sending for you which I have not yet disclosed."

"In the first place, who is the heir?"  
"That is just what I am coming to," answered Silas Wingrove. "I don't know whether you are aware of it, but Jacob Laxton had two sisters, one, Letitia, was your mother, and the other, Mary—"

"Married a workingman in Wales. I remember it perfectly," interposed Arthur, eagerly ; "we all had a great horror of the match, although the man, Martin Merryvale, was a worthy fellow, and highly educated for one of his class. However, Mary was cut by the family many years ago, and I never heard what became of her."

"She is dead."  
"Indeed! How long since?"

"Some ten or twelve years. Her husband, Martin Merryvale, is also in the churchyard."

"Then the race is extinct?" said Arthur.

"By no means. Do not be so hasty in jumping to conclusions. They had one child—a boy—who, I believe, is now the overseer of the Tan-y-Craig slate-quarries in North Wales, holding an influential position, and being much respected by every one."

"What the d—l has this Martin Merryvale got to do with me or the inheritance?" hastily ejaculated Arthur.

"Everything," calmly replied the attorney.  
"He is the heir-at-law."

"What! to Jacob Laxton's immense fortune?"

"Every halfpenny, sir; always excepting your solitary shilling."

"Confound my solitary shilling!" cried Arthur.

"What is the use of the money to a clochopping slate-quarrying scoundrel like that?"

"What, indeed?"

"Who, in the absence of this Martin Merryvale, would succeed to the fortune?"

"Yourself," answered the lawyer, eying him fixedly.

The color rushed to Arthur Compton's face, as wicked thoughts took possession of his mind.

"I wish," he muttered, "that a block of slate would fall on his head and put a stop to his earthly career."

"Make it!" said the lawyer, in a sharp, quick, metallic voice.

"What do you mean?" asked Arthur, shuddering as he guessed the lawyer's meaning.

"What do you think I mean?" was the reply.

"I am at a loss to imagine."

"No, you are not, Arthur Compton," answered the lawyer ; "no, you are not. You know very well what I mean ; but the idea is somewhat new to you, and you are a little staggered."

"What is the amount?"

"One hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"A princely sum!"

"It is, indeed, and one worth risking much for," said the lawyer, musingly.

"I can see that you have some plot in your head, Mr. Wingrove, or you would not have sent for me, and thrown out the hints you have," exclaimed Arthur Compton.

"Well?" answered Silas Wingrove, dryly.

"Make me your confidant. Tell me this plot ; and if—it is at all feasible, I am with you ; for I would do any mortal thing for money. The horrible drudgery from morning to night of a city life is so dread'ul that I cannot bear it."

"I believe he has the courage to execute, if not the skill to design," remarked Silas Wingrove, as if talking to himself.

"That I have, though I would not expose myself to unnecessary danger."

"Prudence is always commendable; I should be the last to blame you for its indulgence. I would speak more plainly if I thought we fully understood one another."

"Say what you like, I am with you hand and glove," said Arthur.

"That's right. I would ten times rather deal with a rogue than a fool—not that I mean to say you are a rogue."

"I am what circumstances make me," answered Arthur, averting his face.

"Now, listen," exclaimed Silas Wingrove.

"I am all attention."

"Jacob Laxton's money divided between us—say two-thirds for you, as you run the most risk, and one-third for me, will be enough to enable us to leave off business and enjoy life. Though I am a little too old, worse luck, still money at any age smooths the path."

"It does indeed."

"Very well, my plan or plot is this: do you go down to Wales, inveigle yourself into this man's confidence, and take the first opportunity of killing him. Then nothing will stand between you and the—"

"Gallows," suggested Arthur Compton, with a ghastly smile.

"No, no; don't joke at your own expense, and such a hideous joke, too!" said Silas, with a shiver.

"I know you meant fortune; but I was thinking of Jack Ketch. It is my habit to get melancholy at times. But with reference to your proposition, I will undertake the task, you supplying me with money sufficient for the campaign, of course."

After some further conversation it was arranged between them that Arthur Compton should start the very next day, and commence his operations, so that Martin Merryvale should not have time to gain any information about the death of his rich relative, and so be put upon his guard and induced to make inquiries respecting the inheritance.

We must now devote a little space to a description of Martin Merryvale, against whom the diabolical plot of the lawyer was leveled.

He was an ordinary working man; no better, no worse than the rest of his class. He was tolerably good-looking, had a weakness for beer and tobacco; but, take him altogether, was a fair specimen of the British laborer.

He had worked his way up by honest toil to a position of trust, for he was one of the overseers of the slate works belonging to Mr. Ap-Owen Lewellyn, a very rich man in those parts.

I was at the time a governess in Mr. Lewellyn's family, he having placed his daughter Cornelia under my charge.

It happened one day that Cornelia and myself went out for a drive in a pony-chaise.

Mr. Ap-Owen Lewellyn had bought her a new pony, of whose accomplishments he spoke very highly.

We drove through the park, and took the road to the Tan-y-Craig slate-quarries.

Suddenly the pony, a vicious animal, shied at some conspicuous object by the roadside, and taking a bit between his teeth, bolted off at the top of his speed.

It was in vain that Cornelia tried to restrain him.

I joined my strength to hers; but we were powerless to restrain the wild impetuosity of his mad progress.

All we could do was to pull at the reins with our united strength, and hope for the best.

A man, attired in the dress of a working man, was seen approaching.

"Help, help!" shouted Cornelia.

I joined my voice in the chorus.

The man quickly saw the state of affairs, and watching his opportunity, darted forward as the horse, now somewhat exhausted with his exertions, passed him.

Skillfully seizing the bridle, he contrived to wheel the pony round in the course of a dozen yards or so, to bring him to a standstill.

Cornelia, who was young and impulsive, not having passed her eighteenth year, grasped the man's horny hand, and exclaimed :

"Thank you, for saving my life and that of my friend. Tell me your name, that my papa may reward you as handsomely as you deserve."

"My name is Martin Merryvale, miss," he replied. "As for the reward, I don't want it."

"What are you?"

"Foreman at the quarries yonder."

"Then you work for my father?"

"Are you Miss Ap-Owen Lewellyn?" inquired Merryvale, removing his hat respectfully as he spoke, and regarding her lovely face with unmitigated admiration.

So intense was his ardent gaze that it brought a flush to the young girl's cheeks.

"Yes," she answered ; "and whatever I can do for you I will. Are you afraid to drive this pony?"

"Afraid?" he replied with a curl of the lip ; "not I, miss."

"Will you drive us home?"

"Cornelia!" I exclaimed, in a tone of remonstrance.

The impropriety of the thing struck me very forcibly.

"Well!" she said, turning round and gazing at me inquiringly.

"Will it be proper?" I said, in a whisper, adopting a tone of remonstrance.

"Anything that will save our lives, Miss Crawley, must be proper," she said, with a quiet, calm dignity and imperiousness there was no gainsaying.

"I shall be proud and happy," replied Martin Merryvale.

"Come and sit beside me," said Cornelia, moving her dress so as to make room for him.

The man, in an awkward sort of way, got into the chaise, took the reins from her, and whipping

home. Being each wrapped in our own thoughts, we spoke but little.

"Have you met Merryvale clandestinely?" I asked.

"No," was her reply.

"In that case he must be totally unconscious of your affection for him."

"Quite so."

"Have you any reason to suppose that he reciprocates your attachment?"

"None whatever."

"How, then, can you tell that his heart is disengaged? May he not already have breathed words of love to some maiden in his own sphere of life?"

I carefully watched the effect of the question I had hazarded. She turned pale, and her lips twitched nervously.

"That suspicion has often troubled me," Cornelia answered; "if it is so, I am the most miserable of women."

Mr. Ap-Owen Lewellyn remarked that his daughter's spirits were not so exuberant as usual, and that there was a change in her; but he attributed it to over-study and want of society.

In a conversation with me he expressed his determination shortly of sending her to the sea-side under my charge, and I hailed this decision with the greatest joy.

It seemed to me that it would rescue her from her present perilous position.

Cornelia did not ask me to accompany her in all her daily walks now.

Of course I imagined that she went out alone for the purpose of meeting Martin Merryvale, and remonstrated with her.

She, however, solemnly denied the fact, alleging as her reason for going out alone that she was fond of solitude, and in her present afflicted state could not bear companionship of any description.

It was about this time that Arthur Compton arrived at the little village of Tan-y-Craig. He professed himself an artist, and being able to sketch very creditably, he was so considered by the country people generally and those at the little inn where he lodged.

He found no difficulty in making the acquaintance of Martin Merryvale, who, on application, expressed his great willingness to show him over the quarries at any time.

Arthur Compton, the better to conceal his real purpose in visiting that part of North Wales, made sketches every day, taking long walks and wandering about the country.

From three weeks of his arrival he was looked upon as one of the villagers themselves, some of whom regarded him as a harmless eccentric.

Martin Merryvale took quite a pride in explaining the machinery used in the quarries, and its action.

Arthur gratified his propensity for beer, and gave him many a half-crown.

At length Arthur got tired of waiting, and thought it time to commence his operations.

The difficulty was to get Martin Merryvale into some lonely spot where his designs might be accomplished.

The man, as a rule, worked from six to four, and when he "knocked off" work, went to the village alehouse, there to smoke his pipe and talk over the events of the day, and listen to the milk-and-water gossip of the village.

One afternoon when Arthur Compton was returning from a sketching expedition, he saw Martin Merryvale quitting the village and walking in the direction of a wood which skirted Mr. Lewellyn's estate.

Here was an opportunity which he could not afford to neglect.

Martin was reading a letter with rapt attention. Arthur could not get near enough to see what its contents were. However, so engrossed was he with his letter that he did not perceive that he was followed.

Martin entered the wood at a gap, closely followed by Arthur Compton, who carried in his right hand a heavy stick, the top part of which was filled with lead.

After proceeding some distance, Martin Merryvale came to an open glade or clearing, and stopped short in the centre, looking around him as if surprised at seeing no one.

Arthur Compton darted forward from behind, and with one well-directed blow felled him to the ground.

He was about to repeat his cowardly blow, when the rustling of a woman's dress was heard in the bushes.

Looking up in a terrified manner—for he had not entertained any suspicion of such an interruption—he saw a young and lovely girl emerge from what must have been her place of concealment.

Trusting that in the hurry and confusion of the moment she had not seen his face, he fled on the wings of the wind, never stopping until he reached the outskirts of the wood, and then walked at a rapid pace to the village.

He reached the inn at half-past five. There was no one in the taproom.

Looking at the clock over the mantel-piece, he got on a chair, and moved the hand back half an hour.

Then he called loudly for the landlord, who, accompanied by his wife, came in.

"Some hot brandy-and-water, Mr. Jones!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Yes, sir. Wife, go get the brandy, while I see to the kettle," replied the landlord.

A small fire was always kept burning, summer and winter, in the taproom.

"Is your clock right?" asked Arthur; "I should have thought it was later."

"Right, sir! yes, that I'll take my oath it is. There isn't a better clock in the parish. Is there, wife?"

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Why, our clock. The gentleman wants to know if it's right."

"Ay, I'll warrant it to keep good time," was the ready answer.

"Very well; that will do. I am going to sit here and have a pipe for an half an hour," said Arthur Compton.

No sooner were the landlord and his wife gone, than he jumped upon a chair and replaced the hands, making the time of the clock correct once more.

"Come," he said to himself, "that is something gained. If the girl should have recognized me, I can prove a very good alibi. It stands to reason that I could not have been murdering some one in the forest if I was here drinking brandy-and-water at five o'clock."

The woman who had, by arriving so opportunely on the ground, saved Martin Merryvale's life, was no other than Cornelia Ap-Owen Lewellyn, who had written an impassioned note to Martin, entreating him to meet her at the spot she appointed, which was the open glade in the forest, where Arthur Compton had commenced the furious attack which, providentially, he was not permitted to complete.

She would have emerged from her place of concealment at once, had she not been restrained by the presence of a third person, who did not appear to be with Martin.

When the would-be murderer fled, Cornelie came forward, and rushed toward Martin Merryvale, who, stunned by the blow, lay insensible upon the ground.

She had no means of restoring him to his senses at her disposal, and all she could do was to sit by his side on the verdant grass chafing one of his hands, and wondering whether the injuries he had received were mortal or not.

Presently his eyes opened, and he put his hand to his head as if in pain.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"In the forest with me," answered Cornelia.

Martin withdrew his hand, covered with blood, and regarded it with a puzzled expression.

"Who has done this?" said he.

"A man who followed you. It is my firm impression that, had I not been here, he would have murdered you."

"Should you know him again?"

"Yes. I should recognize him in an instant, although I only caught a glimpse of his face. He was well-dressed, fair, young, and of gentlemanly appearance."

"A mustache?"

"I believe so."

"The artist! Mr. Compton. It must be the artist!" cried Martin Merryvale.

"Has he any reason to hate you?"

"None that I know of; but I will inquire into the matter," said Martin.

"Are you better now?" asked Cornelia, with great apparent concern.

He was binding a handkerchief around his head; when he had finished, he rose lightly to his feet, and said with a laugh:

"I have had many a worse knock than that, miss."

"Thank goodness you are not much hurt. I began to fear that you were dead, as you laid so still and cold upon the ground," said Cornelia, feelingly.

"I am quite well now, though a trifle weak; at all events, I am strong enough to say to you what I came here to say, miss."

"And what was that?"

"Your note, which I prize and honor beyond all things, let me into a secret. I never imagined that a poor fellow like me could inspire love in the breast of a high-born lady like yourself. But, Miss Lewellyn, it must not be. Such a union would only be productive of the utmost unhappiness."

"Do not say so!" she exclaimed, averting her face.

"Believe me, miss, I speak the truth. God knows, any man might feel proud at being selected by you; yet it would not be kind or honorable in me to link you to a man like myself. When your passion was over, and you came to look calmly back upon the past, you would reproach yourself for what you had done, and blame me for not preventing you from making the sacrifice."

"So you refuse me!" said Cornelia, bitterly.

"What else can I do?"

"Oh!" she cried, bursting into a flood of scalding tears, "I am rightly served for my unmaidenly act. I came to sue instead of being sued, and now I am rejected."

The mortification she experienced was of the most acute description.

"Very well, I am rightly punished," she continued. "At least, Mr. Merryvale, you will keep my secret. That is the only favor I have now to ask at your hands."

"Upon that you may rely, miss," he answered.

On receiving this assurance, she turned away, and ran like a frightened deer through the forest.

She told me all that had occurred, in the evening, weeping frantically, and I comforted her.

The next day we started for Llandudno, a watering-place, not very far off, where we found change of scene; but I could see very plainly that my indiscreet and unhappy pupil had not achieved repose and peace of mind.

Martin Merryvale rose very much in my estimation. It was impossible for him not to be profoundly touched with beauty such as Cornelia's.

His prudence, however, preserved him, and saved Miss Lewellyn.

When he left the forest he proceeded to Tan-y-Craig, and had his head dressed at the doctor's, saying that a piece of slate had fallen upon him.

After that he went to the inn where Arthur Compton was, and found him smoking in the tap-room.

There were several men there drinking and talking. Giving them a nod, Martin Merryvale called for a pint of ale, and sat himself down by the side of Arthur.

"You did not quite do it, Mr. Compton!" he exclaimed.

"Did not quite do what?" inquired Arthur, trembling in spite of himself.

"You gave me an ugly blow; but here I am, you see."

"I gave you a blow?"

"Yes, I have a witness."

"Who is your witness?"

"That is my business. All I have to say is, that if you do not tell me your motive for attempting to commit the awful crime of murder, I will place the matter in the hands of the police, and you may take your chance."

"You are talking in a very random way," said Arthur Compton; "are you sure you are in your right sense? I do not clearly comprehend you."

"You will presently."

"From what I can gather from your strange remarks, it would appear that you have been attacked in the forest. Am I right?"

"Yes, that is so."

"And you accuse me of attacking you?"

"I do," said Martin, stoutly.

"Are you sure your wound has not disordered your mind?"

"Don't alarm yourself about that. I'm wide awake enough," replied Martin.

"But, my good fellow, reflect a little. What object have I in destroying you? what motive?" pursued Arthur.

"That is just what I want to know."

There was a pause.

"Now, make your decision," said Martin Merryvale, quickly; "either tell me your motive, or I put the matter in the hands of the police, who will find out for me what I want to know."

Seeing that the man was thoroughly in earnest, Arthur Compton turned the matter over in his mind.

Perhaps he had more to gain from this man by treating him openly, than by fighting against him in the dark.

Strange that this view should not have occurred to him before.

"Suppose I am candid with you. Suppose I could put a vast sum of money in your way, Martin Merryvale," he exclaimed, "would you make it worth my while?"

"Would I? Yes, my lad," cried Martin, eagerly.

"What percentage?"

"Twenty—will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, very well. I can rely upon you," said Arthur, hesitatingly.

"I never depart from my word; my word's as good as my bond, any day in the week. You can trust me. Indeed, you must; because were I to give you a written guarantee it would be worthless in law, as far as I know."

After a little further deliberation, Arthur Compton made up his mind, and, taking Martin on one side, told him all.

Martin, as may be imagined, was delighted at his good fortune. His chief reason for being delighted, however, was that his wealth might give him a right to go to Cornelie and ask her for the hand which she had once voluntarily tendered him.

He proceeded to London at once, and, taking out letters of administration, proved the will, cheerfully handing over to Arthur Compton the large sum he had promised him.

The lawyer, who had hatched this nefarious plot, was furious with rage when he found that Arthur Compton had thrown him over, and gone into the enemy's camp.

When dressed like a gentleman, and well provided with money, Martin Merryvale cut a very respectable figure, because, after all, he had true nobility of soul.

It was some time, however, before Mr. Ap-Owen Lewellyn could overcome his prejudice, and give his consent to his marriage with his daughter.

He did give it at last, though; and Cornelie writes to me occasionally, to say that she is, without exception, the happiest little wife that the whole world can show, and that she has never once for a moment regretted being united to the man of her choice.

#### French Courtship and Marriage.

We will suppose that M. Horace Delaunay has seen Mademoiselle Rosalie Dubois, or that she has been spoken of to him, and that on inquiry as to her position, etc., he finds she is a person whom he would like to marry. He is bound to observe a rigorous compliance with inexorable rules, the violation of any one of which would, probably, be the ruin of all his hopes. Etiquette has nothing to say about the affections, but simply, like a treatise on strategy and tactics, lays down certain methods of proceeding, without considering the cause of action.

The first step which M. Delaunay or his parents must take for him is, to ask a mutual friend to inquire of the family of the young lady if his offer of marriage would be agreeable. It is absolutely contrary to all good breeding for M. Delaunay to do this himself, and, if he is refused, good breeding requires him to make no sign of disappointment, but to remain with the family *prétendre sur le même pied*, just on the same footing as before. It will be comprehended that all allusion to the refusal would be the worst of taste, *du plus mauvais goût*. But suppose M. Delaunay has no common friend in this case, he must address himself to the curé of the parish of the family, if they are Catholic; to the pasteur, if they are Protestant; to the rabbi, if they are Jewish, and to solicit one of these to make the inquiry. If he prefers it, he may go to the family lawyer; and, indeed, if the lady is an elderly person or widow, this is the only admitted way of arranging this preliminary. But, in any case, he must get a suitable introduction to curé, pasteur, rabbi, or lawyer.

If the reply be favorable, M. Delaunay asks for permission to visit the family, or he asks to be introduced, if he has not been so already. The first visit must take place without the presence of the young lady, and all affairs of property, settlement, etc., are then to be discussed. The family are supposed to be already informed of all details about the position of M. Delaunay by his intermediary; the parents or guardians are now supposed to put further questions to the young man



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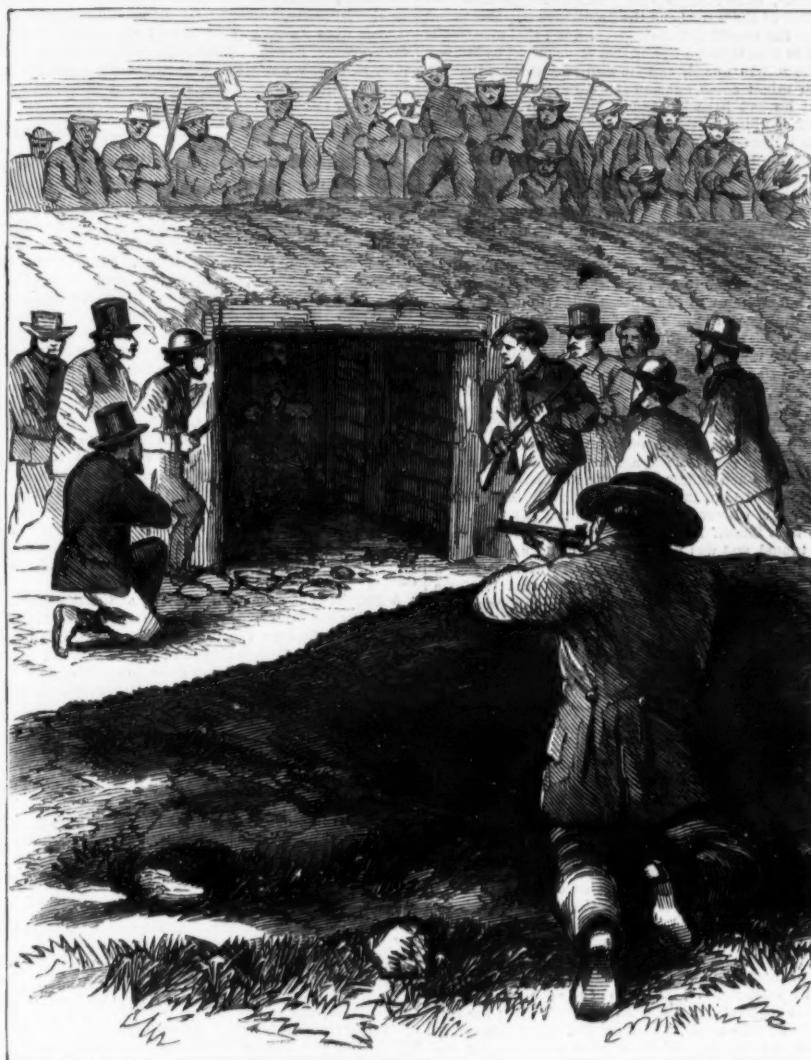
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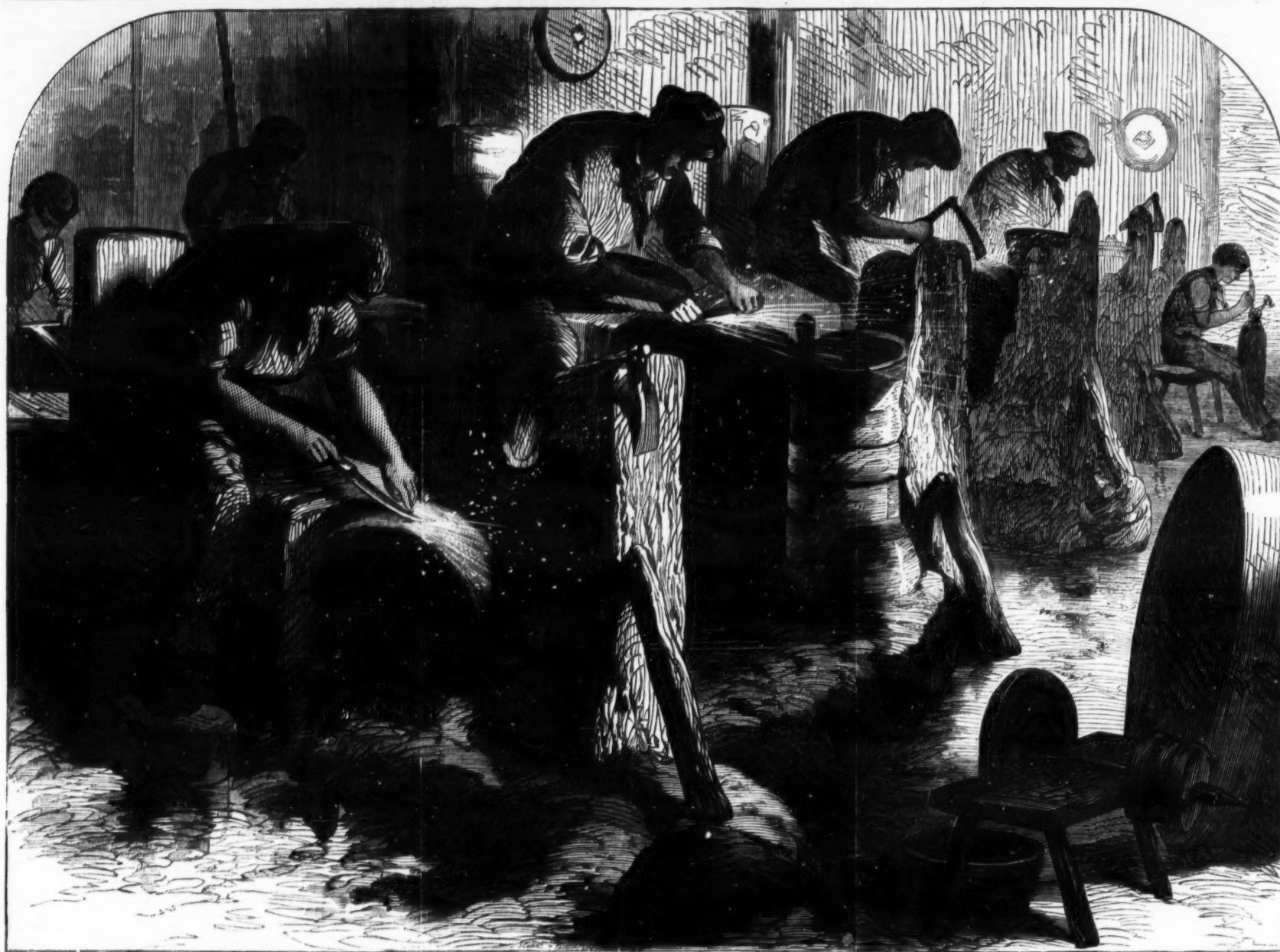
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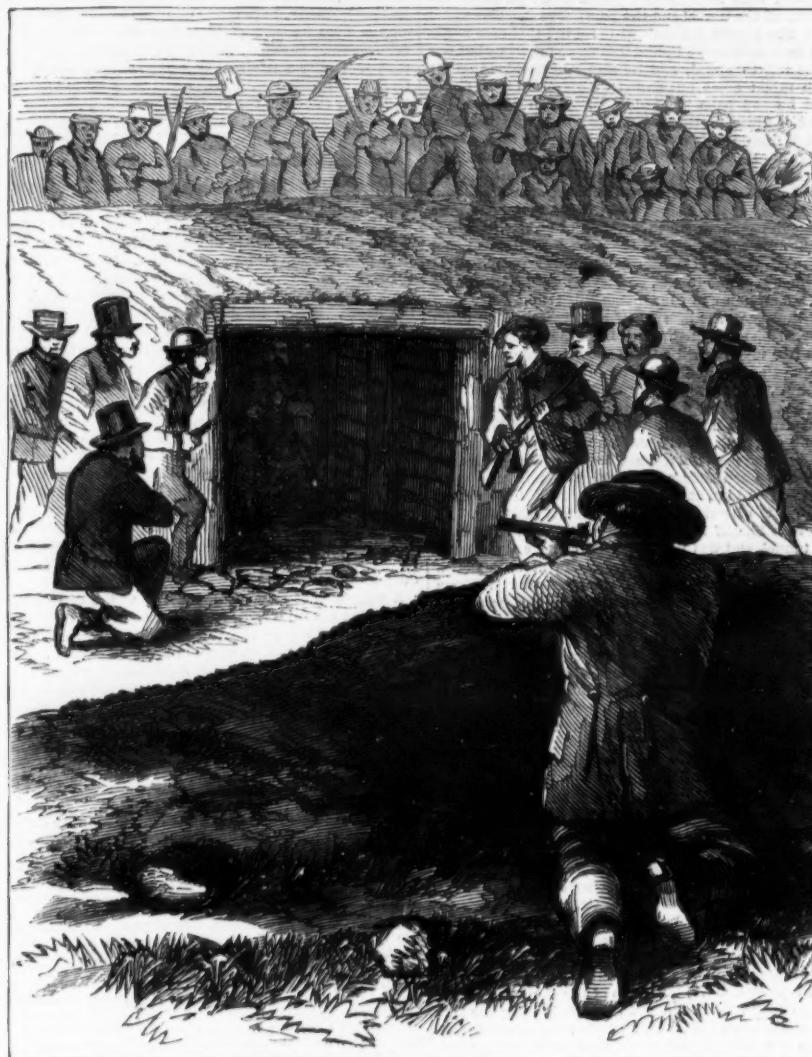
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(SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.)

surface, thus making two places to be guarded—the mouth of the tunnel and the hole above it. The upper hole the sheriff determined to fill up, that men might not be shot through it, and that there might be one place left to guard, and he also had an idea that the man might come out and give himself up if he found that he had been blockaded in. He first began the work of filling up this hole himself by caving dirt down into it from the bank above with a pick, then others assisted. He neither ordered—*ins*, the man who was killed, to assist, nor did he force his working. He repeatedly warned persons who were crowding about to keep out of the danger, and showed those who were using the pick where to work, in order not to expose themselves to the aim of the desperate Russian, and even endeavored to arrest some who were peeping in at the mouth of the tunnel, and trying to look down into the hole which was thus being filled up. After they had thus been at work a half or three-quarters of an hour, Williams took the pick from the hands of a man who had undermined a lot of earth in order to cave it down. In order to cave this he got on the south side of the hole, which was the exposed side, and struck but two or three blows with his pick, when the dull report of a pistol was heard within the tunnel, and Williams, crying out, "Oh, God!" and taking two or three steps in a stooping position, fell, and began rolling down into the hole, when Officer Paddock and others, who were near, caught him, and carried him away. He was shot through the heart, and expired almost instantly. At this time Sheriff Mulcahy was guarding the mouth of the tunnel, and was not where he could see what was going on at the opening above. He at once sent a messenger for a physician, thinking that Williams might not be quite dead, and at the same time set the men to work in a safe position, being now determined to fill up the tunnel, and by pumping in water from the mines above, drown out the desperado, if he could get him no other way. He perhaps heard what was said, for in about twenty or thirty minutes after, when the tunnel was almost filled in, he made his appearance toward its mouth, screening himself behind the timbers as much as possible. Sheriff Mulcahy, Constable Ash, and some other officers and citizens were standing on guard in front of the tunnel, while Officer Paddock, armed with a Henry rifle, lay behind a bank of earth some fifty yards out from the mouth of the tunnel, with his piece leveled over the breastwork. The sheriff had just noticed the man's face in the gloom, when Pete fired two shots at him, the ball from the first whistling close to his head, and that of the second raising the dust near his feet. Between Pete's two shots the sheriff fired at him once, and a moment after Constable Ash fired at him twice, then Officer Paddock, seeing what he thought to be the fellow's face, fired with his rifle. Two or three shots were also fired into the upper opening by parties above, but none of the shots fired from outside took effect. About five seconds after the last shot was fired outside, a dull muffled report was heard within the tunnel, and some who were present remarked that they believed he had killed himself. After some cautious delay some one ventured to look in at the opening above, and saw the man appeared to be down. The sheriff entered the tunnel, and found him fallen, in a half sitting position, against the south side of the tunnel, stone dead. He was brought out, and it was found that he had placed his pistol to his mouth, and blown out his brains.

#### Starvation and Death in Michigan.

The following very distressing case, of the starvation and death of several members of a family of Swedes, is reported by the Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Eagle*: A family of Swedes, arrived in this country, and entirely ignorant of our language, and unable to make themselves understood, came to this city from Chicago about three weeks since, landing here utterly destitute, with scarcely clothing enough to cover their nakedness. They found shelter in a stable somewhere near the steamboat landing, on the west side of the river, where they remained until yesterday. During this time the men had sought and obtained work on the street, but had received no pay until yesterday. How they managed to subsist during that length of time is a mystery. Their case coming to the knowledge of some of the neighbors, immediate steps were taken to relieve their wants. Clothing and food were obtained, and some of the ladies went to the stable to take it to them. Although expecting to see destitution, they were not prepared for the soul-stirring sight that met their gaze. Stretched upon a bed of straw, in the last stages of lingering starvation, was a mother and young child, another woman and a little girl about three years old, all so emaciated that they seemed but skeletons, and so weak they could scarcely move. Food and clothing were given them, the services of a physician procured, who said that nothing but starvation was the matter with them, and everything possible done for their relief. The youngest child was so far gone that it could not rally, and died shortly after. It is feared that the other child cannot live. This is an awful state of facts to occur in a Christian and charitable community, but the circumstances are such that it seems no one is to blame for their occurrence.

#### The First Kiss of the Bride.

About four o'clock one bright afternoon a few days ago, two inebriated individuals appeared at the office of the Police Justice, at Wilmington, N. C., and demanded that the magistrate marry them instantaneously. Both the bride and groom appeared terribly in earnest, and as the latter saluted the justice with: "I say (hic), hurry up, old brawner!" his bride-expectant discharged a mouthful of tobacco-juice upon the floor. On being questioned, the groom stated that his name was Michael McNulty, and that he had resided in town long enough to get a black eye, and to make love to his charming Mary, whom he had accosted for the first time that morning. The bride announced herself as being fresh from the County Alma House, where she had been nursing lunatics. The ceremony was performed according to law, and Michael retired to finish his cigar, while Mary settled the bill. She said that she married Michael not so much for himself as for "the illegitimate farrum at Waukegan," and had taken him "rough and tumble," as she forcibly put it. He was only her third. She demurred paying \$5 for so short a job, but finally handed over the paper, with \$2 for beer, which the justice modestly returned. Mrs. McNulty, however, was not to be got rid of so easily, and glancing at His Honor with a roguish smile, she suddenly threw her lascivious arms about his portly neck, and delivered a sounding "salute" on his lips, like the report of a park of artillery, upsetting the table, and spilling the ink over a bundle of judicial documents, in her eagerness to do the fine thing.

#### Thrilling Accident at Niagara Falls.

Several days ago, a little girl, while climbing upon the railing of the bridge leading from the mainland to Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, lost her balance, and fell into the rapids. A young man, named Moulton, who happened to be witness of the accident, plunged bravely into the water and swam for the child. Seizing the little one with one hand, he struck out vigorously

for shore, but the current was strong, and instead of making headway, both the heroic man and his precious charge were swept rapidly toward the precipice and destruction. Moulton, however, was an expert swimmer, and after struggling manfully with the rushing torrent, succeeded in gaining a landing on the shore, only a few feet from the brink of the cataract.

#### Remarkable Death of an Indian Princess.

The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* relates the following touching story: A few days since Wau-ne-pe-wink-a (Pretty Bird), daughter of Dandy, head chief of the Winnebago nation, was at the depot at La Crosse, accompanied by her two fatherless children. While awaiting the arrival of the train, one of the children got upon the track of the coming train, as the train was nearing the depot. Seeing its danger, the mother, regardless of her own life, sprang forward and snatched the child from the very jaws of death. She threw the little one upon the platform, but it was too late to save herself. The rushing locomotive caught her blanket, and threw her upon the track. The wheel caught her foot, ran over it, crushing the bone to atoms, tearing off the flesh and making a frightful wound. The bone up to the knee was splintered. Such an injury could not but be excruciatingly painful, yet the Indian mother with wonderful nerve drew her knife from her belt, and cutting off the loosely hanging flesh, washed the limb and bound it up with her own hands, refusing all assistance. Mr. Moore says that not a feature of her countenance denoted the intense agony she must have suffered during the operation.

A physician of La Crosse, arriving at the depot and examining the injury, said that the foot must be taken off at once to save the life of the woman, but the Indian declared that it should not be amputated, and asserted that she would prefer death to being deprived of her limb. Mortification began to spread rapidly in the forenoon of the day, when she gave up hope of recovery. Soon after, with the most mournful cadence, she commenced chanting her death-song. The plaintive notes could be heard clearly by the villagers below, and the news passed rapidly from house to house that the daughter of the chief was dying. Indians flocked up the hill and filled the wigwam. Her strength still remained, and she raised herself upon her elbow. She shook hands with all, kissed her children and her nurse, who had attended her so faithfully. As mortification extended to her vitals, her last moments were without pain. Whites and Indians alike assisted in dressing her for burial. She was carefully washed, her hair combed smoothly back, and fastened with a new, beautifully wrought head-band. Her cheeks were painted with vermilion. Silver bobs were put in her ears and her neck hung heavily with new beads. Scarlet leggings, moccasins, blue petticoat, red calico shirt and blanket, all new and decorated, completed her "outfit" and gave her a fitting dress for her appearance in the Spirit Land. As she "lay in state," many young Indian girls from the camps lifted the side of her tent and threw in strings of beads and wampum. A little sack of rice and tobacco was placed by her bedside.

Toward sunset, she was put in a full-length plain box and carried under a tree. The Indians gathered in a circle, with their backs to the coffin. A low chant was sung, when an old Indian rose with folded hands and looked toward the heavens. He began a speech, and pointing to the east, traced the different periods of her life, as illustrated by the course of the sun through the sky. He closed with an earnest recital of the brave and devoted acts that marked the end of her life. After a second chant, the coffin was carried to the summit of the hill on the opposite side of the village. A grave had been dug a few feet from the burial place of the great Winnebago orator, Wau-kon De-ko-ray, who was killed by the cars here, four years ago. After the corpse was lowered, "Dandy William," brother of the woman, stepped across the grave, dropping a handful of tobacco on the coffin. He was followed by other Indians present.

The ten o'clock evening train from the East brought the old chief Dandy, who had been back to his camp on the Wisconsin River on Sunday. He had heard no word of his daughter's death. On learning the fact, the old chieftain smote his breast, and sent forth a wail that seemed to pierce the very vault of heaven. Leaving the crowd who had gathered for his coming, he made his way, silently and alone, up the winding path to the grave.

#### Remarkable Masonic Incident.

The first Masonic funeral that ever occurred in California, took place in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that on the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mason, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholder the most singular exhibition of Masonic emblems that was ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon the human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm in red or blue ink, which time could not efface, appear all the emblems of the Entered Apprentice. There were the Holy Bible, the Square and the Compass, the 24-inch Gauge, and the common Gavel. There were also the mosaic pavement representing the ground-floor of King Solomon's Temple, the intended Tessel which surrounds it, and the Blazing Star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems pertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz.: the Square, the Level, and the Plumb. There were also the five columns representing the five Orders of Architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the Trowel presented itself, with all the other tools of operative masonry. Over his heart was the Pot of Incense. On the other parts of his body were the Bee Hive, the Book of Constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's Sword; the Sword pointing to a naked heart; the All-seeing Eye; the Anchor and Ark, the Hour Glass, the Scythe, the Forty-seven problem of Euclid; the Sun, Moon, Stars, and Comets; the three steps emblematical of Youth, Manhood, and Age. Admirably executed was the weeping Virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the Book of Constitutions. In her left hand she held the Pot of Incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted hand a Sprig of Acacia, the emblem of the immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the Hour Glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and, in all probability, such as the fraternity will never witness again. The brother's name was never known.

This is related of a father, who was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares. "What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent. "Tell me, my son, what do you mean?" asked the astonished parent, opening his eyes rather wide. "Last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell Aunt Susan that you were on a tare." Johnny was sent off to bed.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

AN eight-hours-a-day man, in going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes, on the front stoop, reading a volume of travels.

"How's this?" he exclaimed. "Where's my supper?"

"I don't know," replied the wife. "I began to get breakfast at six o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at two P.M."

A COUNTRY editor thus silences the tongue of scandal:

"There are rumors going about to the effect that one of our highly respectable citizens has lately left town in company with a young lady twenty-two years of age. It is said that they went to Boston. There has been quite a considerable amount of gossip about the affair, which we deem entirely out of place, as we learn from an authentic source that the gentleman was an undertaker and the young lady was dead."

AN Ohio gawkey saw for the first time a school-girl going through some of her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing at her with looks of interest and commiseration for a while, he asked a boy near by "if that gal had fits?"

"No," replied the lad, contemptuously; "that's gymnastics."

"Oh, 'tis, 'tis, 'tis?" said verdant; "how long has she had 'em?"

AN Irish emigrant hearing the sunset gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor, "What's that?"

"Why, that's sunset," was the reply.

"Sunset," exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

A LITTLE boy returning from the Sunday-school, said to his mother, "Ma, isn't there kittenism for little boys? The catechism is too hard!"

SOME authors say that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That's true—particularly at the knees and elbows.

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," said a stump orator, "we have the best country in the world, and the best government. No people on the face of the globe enjoy more privileges than we do; we have the liberty of the press without onerous despotism; what, fellow-citizens, is more desirable than this? Can you want anything more, my countrymen?"

"Yes, sirs!" shouted a listener. "I want a sack of that flask sticking out of your coat-pocket, behind."

#### A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Water—A clear fluid once used as a drink.

Honesty—An excellent joke.

Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips.

Tongue—A little horse that is continually running away.

My dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Printer—A person who is possessed of a devil.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.

Lover—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

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THE CHARACTER OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—While every person who has followed the progress of that wonderful undertaking, the Union Pacific Railroad, has marveled at the unparalleled rapidity with which it has been constructed, some have felt skeptical as to the character of the work which was being done with such apparently headlong speed. Upon this point it is but just to the Company and to the public to accept the testimony of witnesses whose intelligence and sincerity cannot be doubted. Hon. Charles A. Dana, of the N. Y. *Sun*, late Assistant Secretary of War, says: "A party of thirty gentlemen \* \* \* have just returned from an excursion to the present terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad at the Rocky Mountains. Their unanimous opinion is that the road is constructed in the most thorough and solid manner, and that it is superior in firmness, smoothness, and capacity for rapid running, to any other new road which they have ever seen. This is true of the parts of the track which were laid only the day before the excursion train passed over them, as well as those at the eastern end of the line which have been in use for some two years. The work is well done, both as respects the judgment with which it is laid out, and the thoroughness of its construction; and there is no part of it which could, under the circumstances, be better than it is: all reports to the contrary are erroneous and mistaken."

STEEL RAILS FOR RAILROADS.—It is now generally believed that at no distant day the use of iron rails in the construction of railroads will be abandoned, and steel ones adopted as a substitute. Their superiority over iron rails in durability will be readily admitted; while the additional security to life and property which they afford, commend their general use to the consideration of our Railroad Managers. The intense severity of the past winter demonstrated most clearly that iron, even of the best manufacture, cannot withstand exposure to the elements, while the test given steel proves that it can. The original cost of iron, it is well known, is not so great as steel; but when used for railroad purposes, is, in the end, far more expensive, when it is remembered that a rail of steel, costing but little more than double that of iron, will last more than ten times as long as an iron rail. We have been led to these remarks on hearing that the Erie Railway Company had contracted, for immediate use, the enormous quantity of 8,000 tons of steel rails, a portion of which have arrived, the remainder to be delivered during this summer. It is proposed by the Company to relay at once such portions of its line as are subjected to the greatest service, but ultimately to dispense with iron rails altogether. The work of substituting steel rails has already been vigorously commenced, and the indications are, that by the return of winter the work will be completed, and the whole line placed in the most thorough condition, insuring safety, dispatch, and the utmost regularity in the running of trains. Indeed, at this time, the Erie Railway is, and has ever been, in as good condition as the average of roads in the country; but when the work now in progress is finished, but few lines of railway will compare with it—none excel it. We are glad to record the spirit of improvement manifested by this Company, benefiting as it does alike the community and the managers and owners of this great property.

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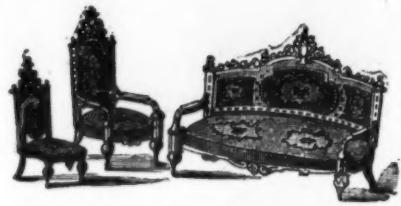
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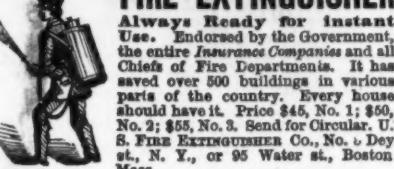
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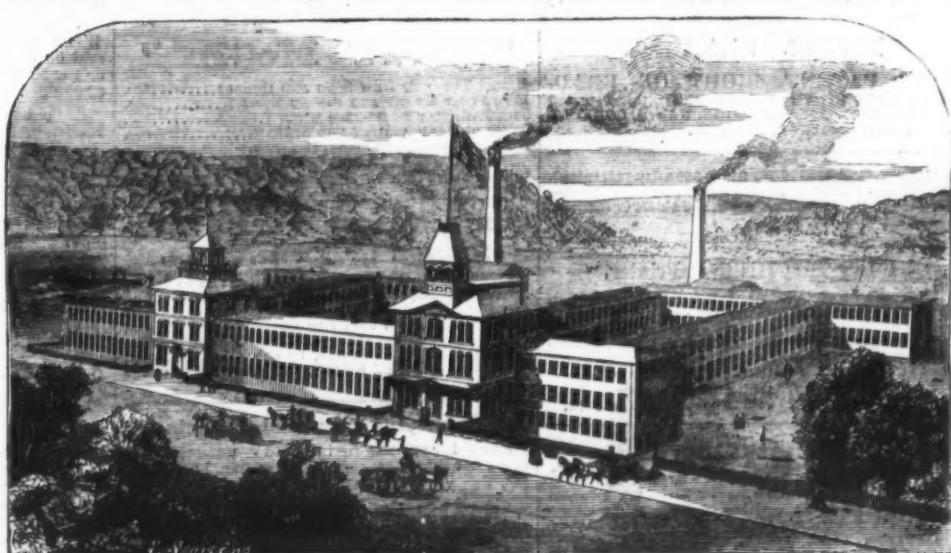
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